

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXII

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1904

No. 4

## THE PORT OF SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

By GEORGE A. KING



HE question of the selection of a site for the capital of Australia is at present occupying the public mind throughout the Commonwealth, and although, under the Constitution Act, Sydney is debarred from becoming the permanent seat of the Federal Government, there is no doubt that the city will remain the commercial centre of the island continent. Sydney has always held the honour of being the first city in Australia, and the marvellous growth of its trade long since earned for it the privilege of being included among the huge shipping ports of the world. The natural advantages of Sydney Harbour are world-famed, and the possession of those have materially assisted the city to retain the position of premier port of the south. Although the buildings as a whole are creditable the manner in which the city is laid out is far behind the younger cities of the Commonwealth. Melbourne, for instance, is laid out on such an excellent principle that Sydney cannot be compared with it.

The history of the port of Sydney really began in 1770, when Captain Cook, after hoisting the British flag at Botany Bay, proceeded north

and passed Port Jackson (on the southern shores of which Sydney stands), making an entry in the *Endeavour's* log that "At this time (noon) we were between two and three miles distant from the land, and abreast of a bay or harbour in which there appeared to be a good anchorage, and, which I called Port Jackson."

Cook's glowing account of the eastern portion of Australia eventually led the Government to fit out an expedition to form a settlement in the new territory, and this expedition, known as the First Fleet, and under the com-



SYDNEY—GOV. PHILLIP'S STATUE, GARDEN PALACE GROUNDS



SYDNEY HARBOUR—WOOLLOOMOOLOO BAY

PHOTO BY A. V. WILKINSON

mand of Captain Arthur Phillip (the first Governor of the new colony) anchored in Botany Bay early in January, 1788. On examining the bay Phillip was not so impressed with it as Cook apparently was, and the absence of fresh water, the shallowness of the bay, and the fact that it was exposed to the swell of the Pacific, caused him to abandon the idea of forming his settlement at the spot. An examination of the coast north of Botany Bay was made and Phillip, entering Port Jackson, "had the satisfaction of finding the finest harbour in the world, in which a thousand sail of the line may ride in the most perfect security." After a minute examination of the port Phillip decided to found his settlement on the shores of an inlet which he named Sydney Cove, in honour of Lord Sydney. The inlet is now Circular Quay, and in it the huge mail steamers of the various companies are berthed. After deciding where he should found the settlement, Phillip returned to Botany Bay and the First Fleet sailed round to Port Jackson. The settlement was formally inaugurated on January 26 when, after the "colonists," consisting of more than 1,000 convicts, had been landed from the ships, the Union flag was hoisted and the

commissions of the various officers of the colony read with as much ceremony as circumstances permitted. The officers then gathered round the flagstaff and the health of the King and the Royal family was enthusiastically drunk; and thus was laid the foundation of what is now the Commonwealth of Australia.

Notwithstanding that his material was of the crudest, his "colonists" being men and women who had

"left their country for their country's good,"

Phillip was so agreeably surprised with the district that he was able to report to the Home authorities in one of his early despatches that he did not doubt but that the colony would prove "the most valuable acquisition Great Britain ever made."

But in the early days the country passed through many vicissitudes—for years the colony was face to face with famine, while stern measures had to be resorted to to prevent rebellion. But the early naval Governors—Phillip, Hunter, King—and their successors faced the situation courageously and eventually a prosperous era set in and the colony made rapid progress.

Australia certainly cannot be accused of having neglected the memory of the



SYDNEY HARBOUR—WOOLLOOMOOLOO BAY

PHOTO BY A. V. WILKINSON

great men who discovered the continent and founded the first settlement at Sydney. Magnificent statues of Captain Cook and Governor Phillip occupy prominent positions in the city, the former standing in Hyde Park and the latter in the Garden Palace Grounds, both overlooking the harbour. The Government has also commemorated Cook's discovery by dedicating as a public reserve the spot where on April 28th, 1770, he first set foot on Australian soil. Kurnell is the name given to the reserve, which is situated near the south head of Botany Bay as it is now called, or Sting-Ray Bay, as the great navigator named it. Kurnell is about seven miles from the city of Sydney and, considering the distance, is one of the most difficult places to reach round the metropolis. A monument, erected by the late Hon. Thomas Holt, M.L.C., marks the landing place of the great navigator, and on the opposite headland of the entrance to Botany Bay is La Perouse, named after the gallant Frenchman whose ships, the *Boussole* and *Astro-labe*, anchored in the bay on January 26th, 1788—the day on which Phillip inaug-

urated his settlement at Sydney Cove.

No attempt is made in this article to give a history of Sydney as a city—for that would require much more space than is available in a magazine article; but it is intended to trace the growth of the trade of the port, which has grown to such a magnitude as to warrant the Government constituting a Trust, consisting of three commissioners, to administer the affairs of the harbour. The shipping records of the colony were carefully kept by the early Governors, but the registers containing the trade statistics prior to 1822 have disappeared. Shortly after Captain P. G. King took the reins of Government in 1800—and here it may be



SYDNEY HARBOUR—THE DOMAIN



SYDNEY HARBOUR—THE BOTANIC GARDENS

remarked that in those days the Governor administered the Government in the fullest sense of the word—he imposed, by means of a Port Order, the first wharfage rate of 6d. for each "cask or other package of goods landed for sale by English ships not in the Government service." In 1822 the shipping of the colony amounted to 71 vessels entered, with an aggregate

tonnage of 22,924 tons, and 60 vessels (with a total tonnage of 20,793 tons) cleared. Three years later—in 1825—the total tonnage of vessels entered and cleared amounted to 47,247 tons, the imports being valued at £300,000, and the exports at £100,000. In 1830 157 vessels entered, with a total tonnage of 31,225 tons, while 147 vessels, the aggregate tonnage of which was 28,822 tons, cleared. Two years later an inward wharfage

rate of 2s. 6d. per ton was imposed on goods which were not charged certain specified rates. Under these specific rates a box of tea or a bag of sugar was charged 1½d., a ton of salt or potatoes 1s. 6d., a dozen of spades 1d., a bottle of paint 2d., one hundred deals 2s. 6d., and a ton of iron, steel or lead 2s. 6d.

By the year 1840 the shipping entering the port of Sydney had increased to 709 vessels, with an aggregate of 178,958 tons, and bringing imports to the value of £3,104,189, while 665 vessels, with a total tonnage of 163,704 cleared, exports to the value of £1,399,692 being taken away during the year.

In 1850, just before the separation of Port Phillip, the shipping entered at New South Wales ports numbered 976 vessels, of an aggregate of 234,-



SYDNEY—THE CUSTOMS HOUSE



215 tons, and 1,014 vessels, with a tonnage of 263,849 tons, cleared. In 1851, the year of the separation of Victoria from New South Wales, the trade of the State fell to 553 vessels entered, measuring 153,002 tons, and 503 vessels cleared, of 139,020 tons; but in 1860, the year following the separation of Queensland, the shipping entered at the port of Sydney numbered 852 vessels, with a total tonnage of 292,213 tons, the figures for the whole of New South Wales being 1,424 vessels (427,835 tons) entered and 1,438 vessels (431,484 tons) cleared. In 1870 1,006 vessels entered Sydney, their aggregate tonnage being 385,616 tons, while in 1880 1,277 vessels, with a total tonnage of 827,738 tons, entered the port. In the last-mentioned year the tonnage entering the whole of the ports of New South Wales (including Sydney) amounted to 1,242,458 tons (represented by 2,108 vessels), while, during the same year, 2,043 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 1,190,321 tons cleared. The whole of the foregoing figures, it should be mentioned, are exclusive of coasting trade, of which no record was kept.

The basis of the wharfage rates laid down by the Act of 1880 was 1s. 8d. per ton on goods inward and 10d. per ton on goods outward at any public or private sufferance wharf, and these rates remained in force for more than twenty years, the trade of the port meanwhile increasing in 1890 to 1,523 vessels in-

ward of 1,644,589 tons, in 1900 to 1,819 vessels inward, with an aggregate tonnage of 2,716,651, and in 1901 to 1,884 vessels inward, of 2,953,511 tons, carrying imports to the value of £22,208,555. Of the number of vessels entered in 1901 1,581 were steam and 303 sail, the respective aggregate tonnage being 2,647,277 tons and 306,234



SYDNEY—THE GENERAL POST OFFICE

tons. In the same year the outward shipping trade of Sydney consisted of 1,444 vessels (1,313 steam and 131 sail), the aggregate tonnage of which were 2,460,166 tons (2,305,449 steam and 154,717 sail.)

The shipping tonnage of New South Wales exceeds that of any of the other Australian states. Victoria stands next, after which come South Australia, Western Australia, Queensland



SYDNEY HARBOUR—MAN-O'-WAR ANCHORAGE

and Tasmania. The following table shows the shipping entered and cleared from the several States in 1901:

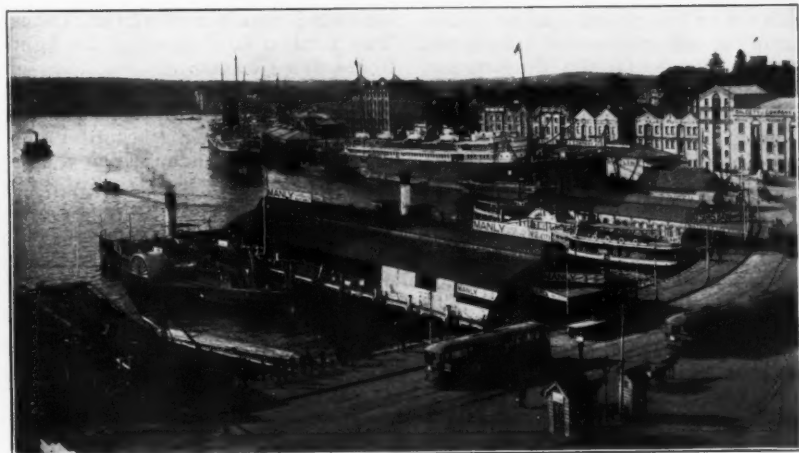
State.	Entered.		Cleared.	
	Vessels.	Tonnage.	Vessels.	Tonnage.
N. South Wales.	3,452	4 196,408	3,375	4 324,826
Victoria .....	2,418	3 392,226	2,347	3 323,265
S. Australia ....	1,128	2 045,240	1,139	2 080,126
W. Australia ....	884	1 842,236	901	1 872,027
Queensland .....	684	853,515	675	832,005
Tasmania .....	816	706,044	820	726 681
Total Com'nw'th of Australia ...	9,382	13 039,669	9,257	13 159,230
New Zealand ...	688	1 063,274	691	1 075,906
Total Australasia	10,070	14 102 943	9,948	14 235,136

It is now interesting to compare the relative importance of the various Australian ports, and from the following table the position of the capital of the Mother State becomes evident.

Port.	Entered, 1901.		Cleared, 1901.	
	Shipping. Tonnage.	Trade. £.	Shipping. Tonnage.	Trade. £.
Sydney .....	2,953,511	22,046,243	2,460,166	19,347,007
Newcastle ...	1,036,178	854,782	1,573,683	2,505,062
Melbourne ...	3,236,149	15,576,424	3,129,954	17,015,767
Port Adelaide & Adelaide	1,692,255	4,863,284	1,603,853	4,349,225
Albany .....	866,374	182,609	801,333	394,181
Perth and Fremantle ..	894,183	5,990,000	970,012	7,405,024
Brisbane ....	610,037	3,811,176	597,258	2,494,730
Auckland ...	421,899	3,023,566	314,113	1,928,792
Hobart .....	437,373	796,615	433,360	769,617

From the foregoing figures it will be seen that Melbourne takes the first place as regards tonnage entered and cleared, but the fact that the great ocean steamers whose terminal port is Sydney are reckoned once on the way round to New South Wales and again on the homeward voyage to England must be remembered. Thus, for purposes of comparison, the figures regarding Melbourne should be reduced by say 350,000 or 400,000 tons entered and an equal quantity cleared to allow for that circumstance. It will, therefore, be seen that the shipping, as also the trade, of Sydney exceeds that of Melbourne. In the figures given for Adelaide the tonnage of the mail steamers is reckoned twice, as in the case of Melbourne. Wollongong is the only other port of New South Wales which can be compared with either Sydney or Newcastle. In 1901 the vessels which entered Wollongong direct from places outside the State totalled 108,526 tons, while during the same year the shipping cleared at Wollongong totalled 192,173 tons, the value of exports being about £120,000.

Mr. T. A. Coghlan, the Government Statistician of New South Wales, has made some interesting calculations



SYDNEY HARBOUR—THE CIRCULAR QUAY

regarding the shipping trade of the State, and he estimates that the average tonnage of sea-going vessels lying in the port of Sydney is about 80,000 per diem. The daily average at the port of Newcastle is about 35,000 tons. On the day on which the greatest number of ships are in port, in the wool season, the tonnage at Sydney is equal to about 125,000, and that at Newcastle to 84,000. The value of the shipping ordinarily moored or anchored in the port of Sydney may be set down at £2,000,000, and of that in the port of Newcastle at £500,000. The greatest value of shipping afloat in the two ports on any one day is about £4,500,000.

Having considered the relative importance of the trade of Sydney in comparison with the other principal ports of Australasia the magnitude of the commerce of the first port of the Commonwealth may be further realized by viewing it in connection with the trade of the principal ports of the United Kingdom. In the matter of tonnage only five English ports: London, Liverpool, Cardiff, Newcastle, and Hull, surpass Sydney; while in the value of trade the Australian port is exceeded by only London, Liverpool and Hull.

In the matter of fitting and repairing ships Sydney is amply provided for both by the Government and by private enterprise. There are three graving docks, five floating docks and three patent slips, in addition to another large graving dock now in course of construction. The Sutherland Dock, which is the property of the Government and is situated on Cockatoo Island, is not only the largest dock in Australia, but is one of the largest single docks in the world, being capable of receiving vessels drawing 32 feet of water. During the year 1901, 161 vessels, of which 22 were British warships, were docked at Cockatoo Island, 65 being docked in the Sutherland Dock, and 96 in the Fitzroy Dock, the gross tonnage of the vessels being 304,795. The dock receipts during the year were £8,204, and the expenditure £2,717, exclusive of interest on cost of construction.

The natural facilities of the port for shipping are unrivalled. The length of the foreshores of the harbour is about 200 miles, and the water is so deep that the largest vessels can be berthed alongside the numerous wharves, the available frontage of which is about 20,000 feet. The depth of water at low tide ranges

between 12 and 30 feet, and at a number of the wharves steam cranes and other appliances for the discharge of the largest ships have been constructed. The total revenue derived from shipping dues in New South Wales in 1900 amounted to £188,205, of which £134,851 was collected at the port of Sydney and £40,693 at Newcastle.

The coast of Australia is well provided with lighthouses, and in addition leading lights and light-ships for harbour navigation are numerous. The Macquarie Lighthouse, which is situated on the southern head of the entrance to Sydney, and not far from the "Gap," at which spot the ill-fated *Dunbar* was wrecked, is the largest of its kind in Australia, and the light is the most powerful in the Southern Hemisphere.

The focal plain is 346 feet above sea-level, the light being of the first order, sixteen sided, dioptric revolving white light, and shows a flash of eight seconds every minute. The light is visible about 21 miles, while the reflection can be seen 60 or 70 miles. The lighthouse is one of the most efficient in the world, and with the full power of the electric light at the focus, the mean intensity of the flashes in the direction of the sea horizon is equal to

between five and six millions of candles. The total cost of erecting the lighthouse was £20,000.

While the trade of the port of Sydney is so great, Sydneites, in addition, boast of their "beautiful harbour," which is undoubtedly one of the loveliest in the world. Sydney is the headquarters of the Australian Naval Station, and the natural advantages of the harbour and the excellent docking facilities the port possesses make it a unique naval port. There are at present sixteen vessels on the Australian Station, but it is seldom indeed that the major portion of the Admiral's command is together, while steam tactics on anything like a large scale are almost unknown. Many of the most important of the South Sea

Islands are within the boundaries of the Australian Station, the extent of which makes the patrol work, which keeps vessels from headquarters, very heavy. But, notwithstanding that, the climate and the social advantages make the Australian Station one of the most prized by naval officers. One of the accompanying pictures shows the naval depot at Garden Island, which was conceded by the New South Wales Government to the Imper-



SYDNEY—STATUE IN HYDE PARK TO THE MEMORY OF THE GREAT EXPLORER, CAPTAIN COOK

ial Government some years ago in return for certain Imperial property, including Dawes Point Battery, the naval stores at Circular Quay and the Victoria Barracks. The agreement also provided for the erection on Garden Island and at other places in Port Jackson by the Colonial Government of certain workshops, stores, etc., required for the British Squadron in Australian waters. Garden Island, roughly described, is a small elongated piece of land covering an area of one and a half miles. Previous to its being thought of as a future naval establishment, it consisted of two hills running nearly north and south. The northern hill was remaining, but the southern hill was demolished and in its place has been erected a number of workshops, barracks, offices and stores. In the picture the vessel in the foreground is the torpedo gunboat *Boomerang*, while the ships alongside the island are the *Royal Arthur*, the flagship of the squadron, and the *Katoomba*, one of the vessels of the Australian Auxiliary Squadron, towards the cost of maintaining which Australia contributes. Another picture shows the Man-o'-War Anchorage off Farm Cove, while Man-o'-War Steps is a favourite spot for "Young Australia," who delight in watching the pinnaces and launches of the ships landing liberty men.

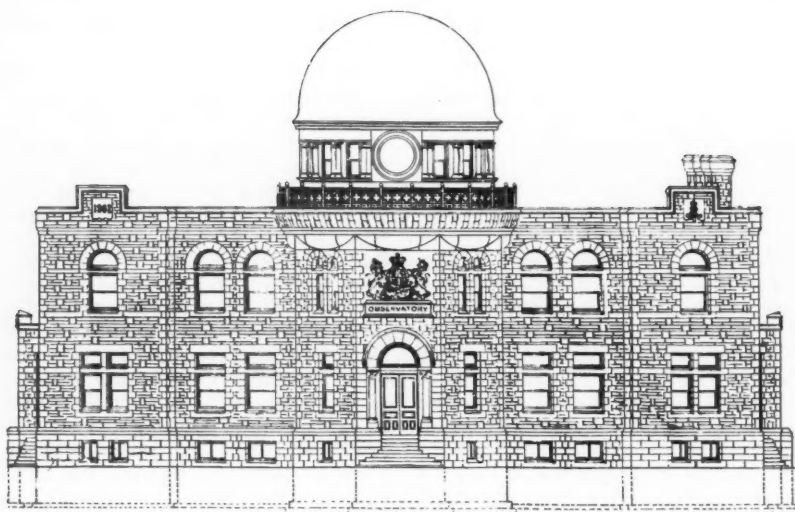
Sydney is also the headquarters of the military forces of the State, and the port is strongly fortified. In the old days the fortifications were confined to inside the harbour, and one of the old-time defence works is shown in the picture entitled "Fort Denison." The fort occupies a prominent position in Sydney Harbour, and is now generally known as Fort Denison, although the island on which it stands was known by numerous names. In the early days the island was a picturesque rock rising perpendicularly in a slender column to an elevation of

75 feet and was called by the natives Mal-te-wan-ye, but Governor Phillip altered it to Rock or Rocky Island.

The first colonial "criminal court" assembled in February, 1788, and, according to one account a convict was found guilty of stealing some biscuit and was sentenced to be confined on the island (which is opposite Farm Cove, the site of Phillip's farm, but now the beautiful Botanic Gardens) for a week and to be fed on bread and water only. This punishment resulted in the unpoetical name of "Pinchgut" being bestowed on the island by the other convicts. One of the colony's earliest historians relates that "on November 29, 1796, eight men had sentences of death passed upon them. Francis Morgan, for murder, was executed and his body hung in chains on the island of Mal-te-wan-ye. This spectacle, shocking to the refined mind, served as an object of ridicule to the convicts and terror to the natives, who, though hitherto particularly partial to that spot, now totally abandoned it lest the malefactor should descend and seize them in the same way as their superstition prompted them to imagine spirits did." During Governor Denison's regime an idea was conceived to erect a fort on the island, and the work was carried out at an abnormal cost. It was not, however, until the work had been completed that it was discovered that, owing probably to the porous nature of the sand-stone upon which the fort was built, it was impossible to fire a gun, even as a signal, without danger. The fort is now used to display a red beacon light at night. It was recently suggested that the fort should be demolished, and a memorial commemorative of the inauguration of the Commonwealth erected in its place, but the proposal, though made by a cabinet minister, was not received with favour by the public on account of the cost.







THE DOMINION OBSERVATORY, OTTAWA, NOW BEING ERECTED

## A NATIONAL OBSERVATORY

*By W. J. LOUDON*

**G**VERY one in Canada who takes an active interest in the study of Astronomy, whether for scientific reasons or because of the unalloyed intellectual pleasure to be derived from its pursuit, will be pleased to learn that the Dominion Government has recently decided to establish a National Observatory, not far from the city of Ottawa.

The building proper will be erected on a portion of land within the boundary of the Experimental Farm, about two miles from the city limits, and so chosen as to secure an uninterrupted view towards all points of the compass.

It is to be built of stone, and consists of two wings, each about forty feet square, not parallel to one another, but including an angle of thirty degrees, and joined together by the wedge-shaped central part of the build-

ing, the front of which is in the form of a tower, about thirty feet in diameter.

In the centre of this tower and immediately opposite the main entrance will be the large pier which runs up sixty feet and projects above the roof to form the support for the large equatorial telescope.

Semicircular passages on each side of the pier lead to the rear of the central part which forms the main or staircase hall; and on each side of this main hall are situated offices for the staff.

The first floor is of similar plan to the ground floor, and the basement but little different.

The right wing on the ground floor will contain the office of the Director, the correspondence room and the Library; the western wing is for the offices of the astronomers and computers.

There is to be also a Time room on this floor.

On the upper floor, besides a draughting room and small offices, are the photographic rooms and, in the eastern end, a large public hall, suitable for evening lectures and demonstrations, which are to form an important element in the conduct of the Observatory. In the basement will be the clocks, seismographs and other instruments which require either a solid foundation or one quite free from extraneous vibration.

In addition to the main building there will be erected small transit and meridian circle houses for special work, as well as suitable shelters for the ordinary instruments used in the study of problems connected with meteorology.

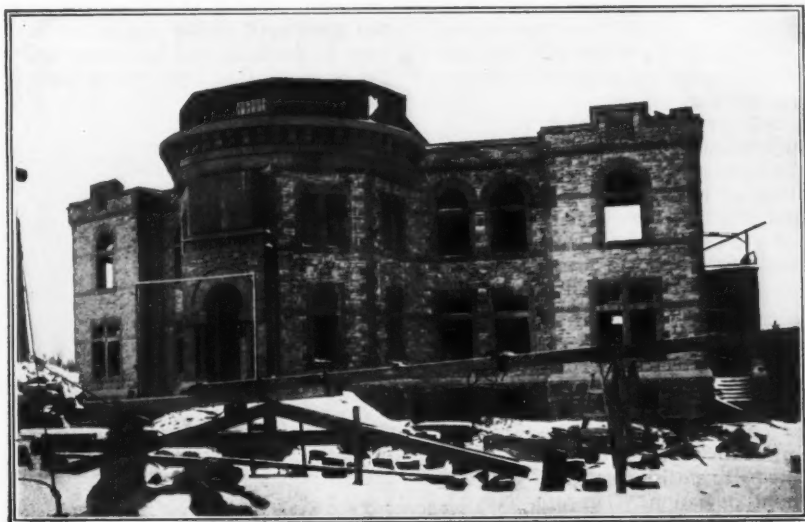
The main telescope is to be of fifteen inches aperture and about nineteen feet and three-quarters focal length, with a covering dome thirty feet in external diameter; it will have two finders, a two-inch and a four-inch; also, a



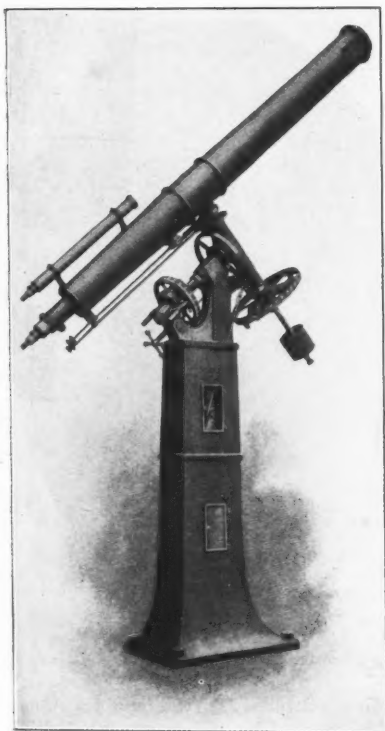
W. F. KING

CHIEF ASTRONOMER FOR THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT

camera attached to the middle of the telescope with a doublet lens of eight



DOMINION OBSERVATORY, OTTAWA, IN COURSE OF ERECTION—DECEMBER, 1903



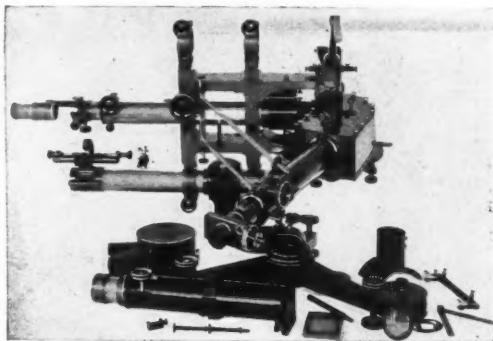
FIFTEEN-INCH EQUATORIAL TELESCOPE

inches aperture, which will thus allow photographs to be taken of star groups and nebulae.

A large spectroscope can be applied to the eye end of the equatorial, and will have three prisms and a grating and be adapted both for visual and photographic work; this spectroscopic attachment will have also all the latest conveniences, including a guiding eye-piece (to be used when spectrum photographs are being taken), a position circle, apparatus for comparison spectra and automatic adjustment of the prisms to positions of minimum deviation. The other instruments in use at the

Observatory will be a transit circle for observation of right ascension and declination, and portable transit instruments for time-work in the observatory, and for longitude determinations outside, the largest being two Cooke instruments of three inches aperture and thirty-three inches focal length. Chronometers, chronographs and minor instruments complete the list of astronomical apparatus. The usual meteorological instruments and a seismo-

graph, as well as several pendulums (portable and others) for the determination of gravity, will be provided; but it is not proposed that magnetic observations shall be recorded, as the building is not constructed for such purposes: the constants of the magnetometers, used in the field, will be determined at the Magnetic Observatory near Toronto (Agincourt).

ASTRONOMICAL  
CLOCKSPECTROSCOPIC ATTACHMENT FOR EQUATORIAL.  
FOR VISUAL AND PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK

It is intended by the Government that the Observatory shall not only perform astronomical work of a strictly scientific nature, but that it shall also be the head office of boundary and other surveys, the accuracy of which depends largely upon correct astronomical data: thus an important part of the work of the staff of observers and computers will be the examination and testing of instruments of various kinds, the rating of chronometers, the investigation of field methods, the correction and improvement of maps, in addition to ordinary routine work of reduction of observations made in the field.

The office will also undertake the determination of local time and will

supply an electrical time-service to the Parliament Buildings where several master clocks will be placed to regulate electric dials in as many of the Government offices as required, these master clocks being in turn controlled by the mean time clock at the Observatory.

The direction of the affairs of the Observatory will be undertaken by the Dominion Astronomer, Mr. W. F. King, a distinguished graduate in mathematics of the University of Toronto, who will be assisted in his work by a competent staff of observers specially trained in those higher branches of mathematics and physical science, an intimate knowledge of which forms so essential a portion of the education of an astronomer.

---

## THE UNSEEN

BY INGLIS MORSE

IN glamorous summer days  
 When the wind a soft tune plays,  
 What is sweeter to the ear  
 Than to hear  
 The merry sound of labourers a-field  
 Gathering up the harvest yield !

Such music of the Earth  
 Is blent with peace that fills the heart  
 Of him who slumbers 'neath the silent sky,  
 Or wakes betimes to hear some song of worth  
 That draws his soul apart  
 To wonder at Life's mystery.

And often as the song  
 Of man or bird  
 Is heard,  
 It genders thoughts that in their passing bring  
 A never ending throng  
 Of pulses from a world unseen,  
 That come as on the wing  
 And pass; yet he, who will, can glean  
 Therefrom a mystic Word to feed his soul  
 And lead him nearer to his goal.



WILLIAM R. HEARST

## MR. HEARST OF THE UNITED STATES

By GEORGE JACKSON KNEELAND



WILLIAM R. HEARST owns the *New York American*, the *New York Evening Journal*, *Das Morgen Journal* (German), the *Chicago American*, the *San Francisco Examiner* and the *Los Angeles Examiner*. In these papers he advocates the annexation of Canada to the United States. Apparently, he is convinced that our ultimate destiny is to be a part of the Union. One of his papers recently described Canada as being in "colonial cold-storage" until such time as the United States could turn its attention in this direction. From the Canadian point of view, he is a man to be

watched, since he is an extreme expansionist, and believes that the United States is the greatest nation on earth, and that no country is too good to come under the protection of the Stars and Stripes.

Mr. Hearst graduated from Harvard in the early eighties, and almost immediately took charge of the *San Francisco Examiner*, the property of his father, the late Senator Hearst. Charles Dexter Cleveland, who was then in charge, advised him not to be a "tag on a money-bag," but to put his whole strength into producing a newspaper. Young Hearst apparently took the advice. He studied his business thor-



oughly, and soon made the paper the leading "yellow" journal of the Coast district. He came to New York and bought the *Journal*, and spent large sums of money in making it the prominent newspaper it is to-day. In 1900 he started the *Chicago American* and later added the other journals mentioned above. He claims to have about three and a half million readers every day.

Behind all great enterprises there is a fundamental idea which tempers and gives them colour and life. Mr. Hearst's idea is to reach and aid the masses of the people. Although a man of great wealth, he has succeeded in gaining the confidence and friendship of the poor. Whenever he starts a newspaper the wages of his employees have been raised. He has always been a firm supporter of the Trade Unions, and as yet has had no serious trouble with them, although he is one of the largest employers of skilled labour in the country. Because of his friendliness toward labour, his opponents claim that he is an enemy of capital. Those who know him best declare that such an accusation is absurd. Here are his own words.

"My ambition is to forward the interests of the seventy million or more of typical Americans who are not so well looked after as the five or six million of the more prosperous. My interest is in the average American citizen. The welfare of the country demands that he, too, shall secure a fair share in the advantages of prosperity. Every sensible man knows that there is no objection to legitimate organization in business; organization that aims at greater economy or at greater efficiency and production. Such organization is inevitable, and will be of benefit to the community wherever the community shall be permitted to participate in its advantages. But every fair-minded man knows that there is every objection to the injurious, illegitimate, illegal organizations, known as the trusts, which absorb and suppress all competitors in order to establish a monopoly and exercise that monopoly—as in the case of the Beef Trust—to compel the payment of extortionate prices by the helpless public."

These are some of the ideas that guide Mr. Hearst's policy as an editor, and form the background of his influence. Not only has he expressed the

thought, but the thought has worked itself out into action, thereby establishing a new field for Journalism.

He investigated the combination which sought to gain the monopoly of the entire water supply of New York City. He did not rest until he had revealed their guilty combination in the courts, and thus rendered untold service to the citizens of his adopted city.

The Ice Trust, by means of special docking privileges, effected a monopoly of that necessity of life. As soon as the heated term began they doubled the price. This meant suffering and even death to many of the poor in the congested districts. Mr. Hearst again used his influence and the unlawful combination was broken up.

The Food and Coal Trusts have also felt the keen analysis of his energy and influence.

The same enthusiasm which characterizes Mr. Hearst's defence of the masses, finds equal expression in his charities and philanthropies; as when he heads a subscription for the Jews in Russia; or the St. Pierre volcano victims; or the Galveston sufferers; or the fever stricken and wounded in the ditches of Santiago; or in founding hospitals; or, not the least, his open-handed generosity at Christmas time when he brings happiness and cheer to thousands of tenement house children of Greater New York.

In this connection his attitude toward the public school is well known. A public school boy himself, he has made that institution his particular care. In San Francisco, Chicago and New York, through his papers and by his personal influence, he has aided in many battles to improve them.

"The public schools," he once said, "should be so excellent that even the richest man could not afford to send his boy to any other."

Mr. Hearst is in his fortieth year. Tall and robust, regular and temperate in habits, he has great capacity and concentration for work. Every undertaking is accomplished with accuracy and dispatch. His favourite hours of work are from eleven p.m. on through

the night. At this time he may be found at his desk, bending over forms, calling out orders, making abrupt changes in the make-up of the pages at lightning speed, thoroughly at home in the confusion of the composing room at press time, and revealing an intimate knowledge of every detail of his business.

"I think you had better go to Paris," he once said to his private secretary. "When does the boat leave?"

"One leaves in the morning," answered the secretary, "and one leaves on Wednesday. I would rather go on Wednesday."

"I think you had better go in the morning," replied his employer.

Such is Hearst the editor.

Mr. Hearst has always been interested in politics, but only recently has he consented to accept an office. For years he has been a close student of Thomas Jefferson. It is said that he has one of the best libraries of Jeffersonian literature in existence. In Jefferson he found the original inspiration that has made him the champion of the rights of the individual as against special privilege.

In 1902 he was elected to Congress from the Eleventh District of New York. Just now Hearst political clubs are being organized in every section of the country. The masses of the people seem to be turning to him as their champion and friend.

As a result of the recent municipal election in New York City, the Democratic party is returned to power by a large majority. The victory awakened intense interest and excitement throughout the state and nation. Telegrams of congratulation from prominent democrats in every section of the

country were received by the leaders in New York, and especially by Mr. Hearst. It is claimed by his admirers that the influence of his papers, the *American*, the *Evening Journal*, and *Das Morgen Journal*, has been a most important factor in whipping the Democrats into line and paving the way for the election of the ticket. Leaders everywhere agree that from now on Mr. Hearst stands as a logical candidate for the Presidential nomination in the coming National Democratic Convention.

Another important result of the election, and one which bears directly upon Mr. Hearst's political prospects, is the fact that Mr. Charles Murphy not only becomes the undisputed leader of Tammany Hall, but the successor of David B. Hill in the leadership of Democracy throughout the State. Mr. Murphy, therefore, will be able to control the State Convention and exert a powerful influence in the succeeding National Convention. He fully realizes the important service which Mr. Hearst has rendered the party, and it is safe to say that should Mr. Hearst come up for nomination he will have his share of the support of the New York delegation. With this powerful backing, coupled with his wide and growing popularity throughout the country, the Young Editor and Congressman will be a formidable rival in the race.

Last April, Mr. Hearst married a Miss Millicent Willson, a young woman only twenty-one years of age, but said to be accomplished and beautiful.

Such is the man who promises to be a leading figure in United States politics during coming years, and Canada would do well to keep its eye upon him.



# CAN CANADA MAKE HER OWN TREATIES?

By PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH

**N**ETTLED apparently by our disappointment in the Alaska boundary case, Sir Wilfrid Laurier demands for Canada the treaty-making power. He will hardly press that claim unless he means to strike for independence. To demand the treaty-making power is to demand the power of making peace and war, to which only a nation can aspire. Great Britain would never consent to be responsible for the enforcement of a treaty which she had not made; nor would any foreign power be willing to treat with a British dependency otherwise than under the guaranty of Great Britain. By often calling Canada "a nation" we have brought ourselves to think that she is really one. But the presence of an Imperial Governor, and the daily appeals to a constitution which is embodied in an Act of the Imperial Parliament, are sufficient to remind us of the fact.

The British Government, in consequence of this Alaska decision, is once more upbraided with careless sacrifice of Canadian interests. This complaint, in which the voice of even the late Sir John Bourinot is heard, derives some colour of probability on the present occasion from the assiduity with which Great Britain is just now deeming it politic to cultivate American friendship. Nevertheless it is baseless. The British Government has always done for us the best that diplomacy could do. In the Oregon dispute it went to the very verge of war. Beyond the verge it could not possibly have gone. It has pleaded our case to the utmost of its ability, and through the best advocates that it could command. But it has had no *ratio ultima*. Would its people have allowed it, for a belt of territory on the other side of the Atlantic which they could not point out

in the map and pictured to themselves only as a snowy waste, to engage in mortal conflict with a powerful nation of their own race, defeat in which would have been not only loss and dishonour, but almost ruin? What, in a war with the United States, would become of England's mercantile marine, of her foreign trade, of her indispensable supply of cotton? The United States are self-fed; Great Britain depends for food on supplies from abroad. Nor could her colonies feed her in time of war. They would be involved in the war and their transport would be cut off. Those who remember the case of the Ashburton treaty will bear witness that the Government of Sir Robert Peel gave the subject their most anxious attention and did for Canada all that was in their power. But Brougham spoke for the nation when he avowed that he did not care where the boundary was fixed so long as there was peace. Palmerston played his usual part, denounced the treaty as a capitulation, and tried to raise a storm. But there was no response to his appeal. The right of the British Government to cede, of course, we could not dispute. The territory of a dependency belongs to the sovereign power, which is at liberty, in disposing of it, to consult the interests of the Empire at large and particularly those of the Imperial people.

In this Alaska case the judgment was delivered by a British judge whose capacity is admitted on all hands, and whose uprightness cannot be seriously impeached.

We have a monument of the care of the British Government for us in the agreement restricting the launching of vessels of war on the lakes. An early consequence of "the cultivation of childish hostility to the Americans," which Sir Richard Cartwright so earnestly deprecates, would probably be the

renunciation of that agreement, putting our cities and towns on the lakes and our railway communication along the shore of Lake Superior at the mercy of an American flotilla.

Nor can it be justly said of the Americans that they have shown themselves regardless of right. They may have driven hard bargains, and perhaps have got more than their due. They, not very unnaturally, regarded England as a foreign power meddling with the concerns of a continent in which the chief interest was theirs. But when they might have taken all they would by force, they have submitted to international law. Had they chosen in this Alaska case to rule in their own favour, and decline submission to arbitration, we should have had no means of enforcing their submission. Let the military qualities of our people be what they may, can we possibly hope that we should be able to hold our own against a nation which outnumbered us fourteen times, which would be rapidly equipped for war; which has shown that it can at short notice put half a million of men into the field, and has now a considerable navy? It happened that the Americans, if they had chosen to refuse arbitration and settle the question by force, might have appealed with effect to a recent precedent in point. The Transvaal Government proposed to submit to arbitration the question of sovereignty on which the alleged right of interference with the internal affairs of that Republic depended. Its prayer was refused on the singular ground that to submit to arbitration would have been to give away the whole case; as, if the arbitrators had been fair, it most unquestionably would.

A word upon another branch of the subject. The notion seems to prevail that one or two generations ago the colonies were unjustly and ignobly vilipended by British statesmanship, and that a happy revolution of sentiment on this subject has recently set in. This is utterly untrue. It was the very general belief of statesmen in England far into the last century that

the British colonies were destined to become British nations, reproducing in different parts of the world the institutions of the Motherland as well as extending her language with its influences, and bound to her by a lasting bond of natural affection. In this idea, if it was mistaken, there was surely nothing disrespectful towards the colonies. The only public man who spoke disparagingly of them was Disraeli, who, writing to his Foreign Minister with immediate reference to Canada, called them "wretched colonies" and "mill-stones round the neck of England;" language which his great friend, Sir William Gregory, tells us he continued to hold in private to the end of his life.

Bright and Cobden, as anyone who was intimate with them will testify, never spoke of the colonies disrespectfully or unkindly. What they deprecated was the undue prolongation of the period of infancy and tutelage, with the useless expense and constant danger which it entailed. Their opinions on that subject could not have been more decided than those of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, the author of the standard work on the Government of Dependencies, Palmerston's favourite lieutenant and desired heir in the leadership of their party. Sir Frederick Rogers, the permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies, was a decided emancipationist. The same, probably, is true of Mr. Godley, the founder of Canterbury, New Zealand, who said: "I would rather be governed by a Nero on the spot than by a board of angels in London; because we could, if the worst came to the worst, cut off Nero's head, but we could not get at the board in London at all." As a proof that disregard of the colonies did not prevail in the circle of Bright and Cobden, it may be mentioned that it was owing to the hint of one of that circle that notice was for the first time taken of the colonies in the Queen's speech. Some there were, even among strong Conservatives, who, in private at least, looked forward to a union of the whole English-speaking race upon this con-

continent by the junction of Canada with the United States. Nor was this possibility alien to the thoughts of Mr. Gladstone, who suggested, as a solution of the question between the North and the South, that the North should let the South go and unite with Canada. It is difficult to say why in this there was anything more unnatural or disloyal than there is in the proposal, now rather in vogue, for the combination of Great Britain and her colonies with the United States in an Anglo-Saxon confederation for the purpose of "imposing peace upon the world," which certainly implies a fusion of the councils and forces of Canada as a member of the Empire with those of the United States.

The policy of emancipation, looking forward to the elevation of colonial dependencies into nations bound to the Mother Country by the tie of affection, can at all events hardly be said to have been meaner or more disparaging than a policy which assumes that the tie of the colonies to the Mother Country is one of commercial interest and can be preserved only by the concession of fiscal advantage.

The emancipationist policy, though now flouted, was, however, not without effect in its day. It brought about an extension of colonial self-government and the withdrawal of the military occupation. The military occupation having been withdrawn, there was an end of the series of wars with Maori and Kaffirs, the expense and cruel character of which Bright and Cobden had denounced, without thereby showing any want of good feeling towards the colonies.

A British Liberal, coming to this country thirty years ago, would naturally bring with him the opinions on the colonial question which were those of his circle in England. It was the time at which a number of young Canadians formed the "Canada First" party, with Nationality more or less definitely as their aim. The central figure of the circle was the author of the electrical Aurora speech which so startled the political fogeyism of the

day, and the founder of the *Liberal*, truly so named, in opposition to the antiquated Liberalism of the *Globe*. The leader had no reason to complain of want of zeal on the part of his followers, who looked up to him as their Morning Star, and gave him every proof of devotion. But at the critical moment he passed over to the other camp, and his followers were left without a leader.\*

Nationality was probably not impossible for Canada. It is true she was deficient in the ordinary requisites for the material basis of a nation; compactness of territory, and unity of race. There was a wide wilderness between the Maritime Provinces and Quebec. Then, dividing her British Provinces from each other came the French Province with a local nationality of its own, which, belying Lord Durham's forecast, had baffled all the forces of absorption. The interchange of population among the Provinces was very small and far short of anything like fusion. Still, political institutions and the general character formed by them were the same, and railways, telegraphs, postal communications were more and more exerting their unifying influence. If in Canada there were two races with different languages, in Switzerland there were three, and a similar division of religion. A twofold experiment in democracy on this continent was apparently much to be desired. Of American aggression on Canadian independence there need have been no fear. One may talk for years to people of all classes

---

\*I may say that I never was a member of the political association of "Canada First," nor had I anything to do with the founding of *The Nation*. I was in England at the time, though on my return I was persuaded to contribute. I also contributed a few articles to *The Liberal*. The attacks made upon me in *The Globe* gave me an artificial prominence, but it was well understood at the time that they were really directed against Mr. Blake, whom the Browns feared to attack directly. It is untrue also that I have ever sought or desired to enter public life in Canada. I had declined it in my native country, and have again more than once declined it since I settled here.—G.S.



and parties in the United States, without hearing a single utterance of an aggressive kind. The general feeling of Americans on the Canadian question is one of rather surprising indifference. The people generally would, without doubt, gladly welcome us into the Union; but the politicians are by no means universally inclined that way. Many of them fear that the balance of their parties, the thing nearest to their hearts, might be disturbed by Canadian invasion. There is also a fear, though very unfounded, of contact with the Roman Catholicism of Quebec.

What has apparently decided that question is the extension of the Dominion to the Pacific, whereby every vestige of material unity has been lost and the Dominion has been incorporated with territories sure, when the adjoining States of the Union overflowed, to be filled by American immigration.

For an undertaking so costly as the Canadian Pacific Railway, still more for the political change of which it was sure to be the instrument, incorporation of British Columbia appears to have been an inadequate object. Of what use has the connection been to Eastern Canada? Can it even be said that British Columbia has been thoroughly incorporated? What do we derive from her or she from us? Do her people even now think and speak of themselves constantly as Canadians? To our capacity for military defence her accession cannot be said to have added, since it has exposed us to attack from another ocean, and one likely to be commanded by a Russian fleet.

The special usefulness of the C.P.R. as a colonial road seems to have been doubtful. It carried a good many of the emigrants onwards to the Pacific States of the Union. Those who were deposited in Canadian territory were scattered along a line of eight hundred miles in a region where, on account of climate, close settlement is especially to be desired. The immense cost of the line might have been saved to the

country and the settlers would have been probably better accommodated, had the region been allowed, like the new States of the Union, Minnesota and Dakota, to be furnished by private enterprise with railroads as they were demanded by advancing population. Projected and proclaimed as a purely national work with which foreigners, especially Americans, were to have nothing to do, the C.P.R. is now a private enterprise, largely owned abroad, attacking other private enterprises with funds originally provided by the public, too powerful in the Northwest, as dwellers in that region complain, too powerful everywhere, as is commonly feared. That a road running through the subarctic region will ever become the commercial highway of the world seems not very likely. Nor, if it did, would mere transit be very profitable to the country through which it runs. The farmer of Ontario is required for the financial burden which he has borne by a formidable competition with his products, while all Eastern Canada has borne the expenses of administering the Territories, providing them with a Mounted Police and preparing them for American immigration. This may be said without disparagement to the enterprise, energy and skill which were signally displayed in the construction of the line, were in no way affected by the policy of the undertaking, and have reaped their appropriate reward.

American immigration, on a large scale, as soon as the adjoining States of the Union overflowed, there was sure to be. The American settlers will no doubt be contented with institutions radically identical with their own, and will make perfectly good citizens. But it is not likely that they will cease to be American or be willing to sever themselves socially and commercially from the country from which they come, and which is separated from them only by an imaginary line.

We have now a string of Provinces stretched out from ocean to ocean, a distance equal to the breadth of the

Atlantic, severed from each other by wide wildernesses or by great barriers of nature, such as an inland sea and a triple range of mountains, with no great interchange, normally, of population, and no great natural traffic, while each Province is drawn by strong commercial attraction to its neighbour and cognate on the South. Will it ultimately prove possible to weld these Provinces into a united and separate Canada? That is the problem, presented not by the political, but by the topographical and economical chart, with which Canadian statesmanship will, in course of time, have to deal, and in settling which it will not be helped by postage stamps painting the North Pole red, or by patriotic fiction of any kind.

Those who look confidently to perpetual separation have to consider not only the topographical and commercial difficulty, but the interchange of population between Canada and the United States, especially when compared with the interchange between the Provinces in Canada. "Five-and-twenty years ago," said Sir Richard Cartwright in his speech on Reciprocity in 1888, "but a small proportion of Canada's population were in the United States. To-day, sir, the United States in the most emphatic possible manner are becoming literally flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood. I think my friends from the Maritime Provinces and Quebec probably can affirm my statement when I say that I know whole counties, I know great regions in Canada, where you cannot find one single, solitary Canadian family which has not a son, or a daughter, or a brother, or a sister, or more dear and near relative, now inhabiting the United States." On the other hand, Sir Richard Cartwright found that in 1881 there were of natives of Ontario 105 settled in Prince Edward Island, 310 in New Brunswick, and 333 in Nova Scotia; in all only 748 natives of Ontario settled in the Maritime Provinces. Americans by tens of thousands are pouring into

the Northwest, where they are likely before very long to predominate.

Power of self-defense is, in these days, deemed an indispensable condition of existence as a separate nation. It is for military men to say whether a frontier of 4,000 miles, generally open, as the Canadian frontier is, and with its line broken by the waste between the Maritime Provinces and Quebec, Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains, can ever be made capable of defence, even if the whole population should be called under arms for the purpose.

For old age the question of political union can have no practical interest. It is probably further off than it was some years ago. A great change has recently been coming over the situation. The Americans, smitten apparently with the desire of vying with the great conquering Powers of the old world, have parted with their traditional principles and embarked on a policy of over-sea and Southern aggrandizement which, if it is pursued, must apparently end either in a fundamental change of institutions or in the disruption of the Republic. In that case a new scene will open, and combinations which we cannot now forecast may take place.

In the meantime Reciprocity is perfectly independent of the political question. If anything, the increase of prosperity which the opening of its natural market would bring to our people would rather dispose them to be content with their present position and averse from political change. Such was signally the effect of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854.

Whatever may be the settlement which Destiny has in store, let us hope that it will be one founded on the real interest of the mass of the Canadian people, who want to make their bread by peaceful labour and to see plenty and happiness in their homes, not to have their material prosperity sacrificed to the memory of by-gone quarrels or the dreams of a chimerical ambition.

## SOME COMMENTS ON THE ALASKAN AWARD

*By F. C. WADE, K.C., one of the British Counsel*



THE Treaty of 1903 for the adjustment of the Alaskan boundary, provided that the members of the Tribunal should be "impartial jurists of repute." The members appointed by the United States were Secretary Root, a member of a government which was one of the parties to the dispute; Senator Lodge, who had long and often declared against Canada's contention, and Senator Turner, who was appointed as a guarantee to the Pacific Coast commercial centres that their interests would be preserved. I have no comment to make on this, except the obvious one that a more gross breach of faith on the part of any nation, great or small, could not be imagined, and that we seem to have travelled a long way since the days of Washington, or even Lincoln.

Canada entered a strong, but dignified protest against the personnel of the United States side of the Tribunal. Lord Onslow cabled that His Majesty's Government had been as much surprised as Lord Minto's Ministers, but that arguments relative to the fitness of the three American representatives, however convincing, could have no result. He suggested that the British should appoint "representatives who will meet the altered circumstances of the case," in other words, "impartial jurists of repute" of the style of Secretary Root and Senators Lodge and Turner. The cable concluded by asking that these considerations be carefully weighed by Canada, and also that Lord Minto's Ministers would favour His Majesty's Government. On March 6th Canada emphasized her protest, and on March 7th Lord Minto was advised from London that the Treaty had been ratified on March 3rd previous. Canada refused even then

to disregard the terms of the Treaty by agreeing to the appointment of prejudiced politicians instead of "impartial jurists of repute," and thereby, as an English journalist has said, saved the credit of the Empire. Nothing remained but to proceed with the work of the Tribunal, since as Sir Wilfrid Laurier has well said: "Had Canada refused to proceed after the Treaty had been signed by the King, the result would have been that the American flag would have flown over all the disputed territory, or we would have had to fight for our rights."

Although Canada was in this way forced into a Treaty not of her own making, it was confidently hoped by many that a great deal of good might come out of it. True, owing to the composition of the United States wing, nothing better than a deadlock could be hoped for—unless, of course, that disinterested friendship which England had so long and sedulously sought after should suddenly have burst into being. But even a deadlock would mean that all the evidence bearing on the case would be laid before the world, and there could be little doubt that in the end the verdict of three prejudiced politicians could not stand against that of three really "impartial jurists of repute," and the United States would be forced to the Hague. Deadlock, it was hoped, would result in arbitration, and with any fair arbitral tribunal Canada had nothing to anticipate but a favourable result.

The Alaska Boundary Tribunal, however, was in no sense an arbitral tribunal. The first article of the Treaty of 1903 under which it was constituted, provided:

"The Tribunal shall consist of six impartial jurists of repute, who shall consider judicially the questions submitted to them, each of whom shall first subscribe an oath that he

will impartially consider the arguments and evidence presented to the Tribunal, and will decide thereupon according to his true judgment." Each member of the Tribunal, therefore, gave the following undertaking on oath: "I do solemnly swear that I will impartially consider the arguments and evidence presented to the Tribunal, and will decide thereupon according to my true judgment."

As Sir Louis Jetté said in his judgment:

"Thus the character of the function which has been confided to us is clearly defined. We have not been entrusted with the power of making a new Treaty, and it was not in our province to make concessions for the sake of an agreement; we are simply to give a judicial interpretation of the articles of that Treaty which were submitted to us. And this position, as I take it, was rendered still more clear by the fact that, if a majority could not be found to agree, no harm was done, the way being then still left open for the governments of both countries to do what would, unquestionably, be in their power, that is, to settle the difficulty by mutual concessions if they found it advantageous to each other.

Finding thus, that the line of demarcation between our duties and our powers had been very clearly defined, I took it to be my first duty, in passing on the different questions submitted to us, not to assume any more power than had been given to me by this first article of the Convention of 1903."

It is important to remember this clear exposition of the powers of the commissioners in view of what followed.

The boundary arranged between England and Russia in 1825 was adopted word for word in the United States Treaty of purchase in 1867. The two principal sections to be interpreted by the Alaska Boundary Commission were the third and fourth of the Treaty of 1825, which I may as well give in full. They are as follows:

"III. The line of demarcation between the possessions of the high contracting parties, upon the coast of the continent and the islands of America in the North-West, shall be drawn in the manner following:

Commencing from the southernmost point of the island called Prince of Wales Island, which point lies in the parallel of 54 degrees forty minutes north latitude, and between the 131st and 133rd degree of west longitude (meridian of Greenwich), the said line shall ascend to the north along the channel called Portland Channel, as far as the point of the continent where it strikes the 56th degree of north latitude; from this last mentioned point

the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude (of the same meridian); and finally, from the said point of intersection, the said meridian line of the 141st degree in its prolongation as far as the frozen ocean, shall force the limit between the Russian and British possessions on the continent of America to the north-west.

IV. With reference to the line of demarcation laid down in the preceding article, it is understood:

1st. That the island called Prince of Wales Island shall belong wholly to Russia.

2nd. That whenever the summit of the mountains, which extend in a direction parallel to the coast from the 56th degree of north latitude to the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude, shall prove to be at the distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the line of coast, which is to belong to Russia, as above mentioned, shall be formed by a line parallel to the windings of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom."

It would be hard to imagine a more faulty description. The southernmost point of Prince of Wales Island is not in the parallel of 54° 40', though it is very near it. The line could not ascend north along Portland Channel without first travelling east seventy miles to the mouth of that channel. Nor does Portland Channel go north to the 56th parallel of latitude, but falls some miles short of it. From the 56th degree the line was to follow "the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast" until it should intersect the 141st degree of west longitude. The Treaty is silent as to whether the mountains nearest the coast are meant or mountains farther away. In the absence of definite stipulation one would read it to mean the mountains nearest the coast, because after leaving the first mountains there is no possible principle on which any others could be selected. It was further provided that when the summit of the mountains "which extend in a direction parallel to the coast" should prove to be at the distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the line of coast, which is to belong to Russia, should be formed by

a line parallel to the windings of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom. On this wording many questions arose. What was the coast of an ocean? Was the mountain boundary to be an uninterrupted chain or a range, or would isolated peaks connected up with a line fulfil the description? What were the sinuosities to be followed when the mountains receded more than ten marine leagues?

Mr. Dickinson, senior counsel for the United States, in commenting on the language of this Treaty, objected to its drafting. He said that when he drafted his first document as a law student and took it to his principal, an old Tennessee ex-judge, he supported it as good drafting because any reasonable person could understand it. The Judge replied that that was not the test: "A document should be drawn so that no d—d fool could understand it." The Treaty in this instance had been made more difficult of interpretation on account of lapse of time. In this connection Mr. Dickinson perpetrated another anecdote which you may be able to bear more easily than the former. He said the confusion caused by lapse of time was well illustrated by an event which happened in Tennessee—everything, according to Mr. Dickinson, happened in Tennessee. A widower with a ready-made family married a widow with a ready-made family. Their union resulted in another family. One day the once widower, on arriving home, found his wife crying bitterly. On being asked the cause, she replied, "Why, John, there's your family and my family out in the backyard licking our family." Such is the deplorable confusion arising from lapse of time, both in families and treaties.

The only point on which the contending sides agreed before the Tribunal was that the starting point should be Cape Muzon, which is not situated in latitude 54 degrees and 40 minutes. As to Portland Channel Canada contended that it was the channel running north of Sitklan, Kannagh-

unut, Pearse and Wales Islands. The United States contended that it was the channel running south of those islands. No other channel was suggested by any counsel before the Tribunal. With regard to the mountains Canada contended that the mountains bordering the coast of the ocean were the only ones known to navigators at the time and to the negotiators of the Treaty, and that they were the mountains referred to in the Treaty. The United States contended that a definite unbroken mountain chain was intended by the Treaty, and that no such chain existed, and that in default of a mountain chain it was necessary to draw the line of demarcation in all cases ten marine leagues from the ocean coast. They modestly added that by "the coast of the ocean" was meant the heads of all the inlets, some of them extending nearly a hundred miles from the ocean.

The question as to Portland Channel was merely one of identity. It could not be denied that Vancouver had christened the channel north of the four islands Portland Channel. The only reply of the United States case was that the negotiators, although they had Vancouver's charts before them, had not read his text. The Canadian contention was upheld. It was decided that the negotiators had read Vancouver's text. Lord Alverstone found that there was "no doubt that the negotiators were acquainted with the information contained in Vancouver's narrative." At his own suggestion to Sir Louis Jetté and Mr. Aylesworth, he drew up a memorandum in which he declared their joint views to be that the channel ran north of the four islands. This is the memorandum referred to in the protest of Sir Louis Jetté and Mr. Aylesworth in which they say: "When the members of the Tribunal met after the argument and considered this question, the view of the three British Commissioners was that the Canadian contention was absolutely unanswerable. A memorandum was prepared and read to the Commissioners embodying our views and shewing it to



be beyond dispute that the Canadian contention on this branch of the case should prevail, and that the boundary line should run to the northward of the four islands, thus giving them to Canada." To the great surprise of the Canadian members when this question was brought up for formal answer Lord Alverstone subdivided it into the following two questions:

"1. Does Portland Channel run to the north of Pearse and Wales Islands?"

"2. Does Portland Channel run to the north of Sitklan and Kannaghunut Islands?"

The United States Commissioners, who had always scouted the idea that the channel ran north of any of these islands, voted with the British Commissioners that it ran north of Pearse and Wales Islands. Lord Alverstone, who had drawn up the memorandum of judgment of all the British Commissioners that it unquestionably ran north of all the islands, suddenly voted with the United States Commissioners that it did not run north of Sitklan and Kannaghunut Islands, but that "after passing to the north of Wales Island," it turned south down "the channel between Wales Island and Sitklan Island, called Tongass Channel." As Sir Louis Jetté and Mr. Aylesworth pointed out in their protest:

"There is, in our opinion, no process of reasoning whereby the line thus decided by the Tribunal can be justified. It was never suggested by counsel in the course of the argument that such a line was possible. Either the four islands belong to Canada, or they belong to the United States. In the award Lord Alverstone agrees with the United States Commissioners that the islands should be divided, giving the two which possess strategic value to the United States."

If this was a judicial decision, if this was not a compromise, is it not singular that at the moment when the United States Commissioners decided to change their mind as to two of the islands, and Lord Alverstone decided to change his judgment as to the other two, his Lordship was the one to come forward with a subdivided question which just met the new conditions?

As to the mountain boundary, the Canadian contention was that the line of mountains bordering on the coast, and known as Mr. King's line, was the one intended by the Treaty, and the one which should be accepted. The British argument on this question is so succinctly summarized in the judgment of Mr. Aylesworth that I cannot do better than reproduce it. He says:

"The words of the Treaty, '*Montagnes situées parallèlement à la côte*,' and the idea of parallelism thereby conveyed imply the line of mountains next adjacent to the coast. Apart from the circumstance that no kind of reason can be assigned for skipping over one or two, or it may be half a dozen, lines of mountains between the coast and the boundary, the very fact that the Treaty couples the boundary line directly with the coast line argues in favour of the first line of mountains being meant. I think any one who spoke of the two lines as parallel one to the other would scarcely have in contemplation a third line parallel to each, but situate between the two."

"In the present case we have, moreover, the circumstance that throughout the negotiations preceding the Treaty these mountains are invariably spoken of as near to the coast."

"In February, 1824, the first proposal of Russia as to the line (p. 70 Br. Case Appx.) was that it should follow Portland Canal '*jusqu'aux montagnes qui bordent la côte*.'"

"Repeating this proposal in their observations on Sir Charles Bagot's amended proposal, the Russians say they would make the limit of the *lisière* to the east of the chain of mountains '*qui suit à une très petite distance les sinuosités de la côte*.'"

"In narrating to Count Lieven the course of these negotiations Count Nesselrode, in his letter of April 5-17, 1824, says they were willing their eastern frontier should run along the mountains '*qui suivent les sinuosités de la côte*.'"

"On Sir Charles Bagot's despatches reaching England, the Hudson's Bay Company suggested that the boundary ought to be fixed at the '*nearest chain of mountains not exceeding a few leagues off the coast*.'"

"Thereupon Mr. George Canning sent to Sir Charles Bagot a draft convention, with instructions to conclude the negotiations. In these instructions (July 12th, 1824), Mr. Canning directs that the line of boundary be drawn along the '*base of the mountains nearest the sea*.'"

"The draft convention prepared by Mr. Canning shews very clearly his understanding of the trifling width the *lisière* would have, as it contains provision (not carried into the final treaty, as the Russians objected) that the British should for ever have the right to trade '*sur la dite lisière de la côte, et sur celle des îles qui l'avoisinent*.'"

"Mr. Canning's proposal that the boundary should be drawn along the base line of the mountains was objected to by Count Lieven for the reason, among others, that, considering the little certainty there then was in the geographical knowledge anybody had of the regions they were negotiating about, it would not be possible that the mountains they were fixing as a boundary 's'étendissent par une pente insensible jusqu'aux bords même de la côte.'"

"This language makes it absolutely certain that the Russians understood their boundary."

"On their proposing to take the top instead of the base of these mountains as the line of boundary, Mr. Canning assented, and the existing Treaty resulted. It is not pretended that any change in the particular mountains intended was ever made, or suggested. Whatever mountains those were the base of which the British proposed as the boundary, those were the mountains, the tops of which, by the concluded Treaty, are the true boundary today, and it is to my mind clear to a demonstration that these were the mountains nearest the sea."

The finding of the majority of the Commission on this branch of the case was almost as striking as that with reference to the islands. The United States' objection to Mr. King's line was that it did not constitute an absolutely continuous and unbroken chain, and therefore could not be accepted as the boundary. There were, they urged, no mountains within the ten marine league limit meeting the requirements of the Treaty. The only course open to the Tribunal, therefore, was to adopt the ten marine league limit. The Tribunal decided, however, that Canada's contention was correct, and that a continuous mountain chain was not necessary. This removed all objection to Mr. King's line. They went further and decided that all that was necessary was to connect isolated mountain peaks, some of them as much as fifty miles apart from each other. They then selected a disconnected lot of peaks as near as possible to the ten marine league limit, and in all cases passing around the heads of the inlets and shutting off Canada from the ocean. Again the decision on the principle at issue was in our favour, only to be worked out in such a way as to make it worse than valueless to Canada. As the Canadian members of the Commission stated in their

protest, "The Tribunal finds that the Canadian contention is correct as to the existence of mountains within the terms of the Treaty: but the fruits of the victory are taken from Canada by fixing as the mountain line a row of mountains so far from the coast as to give the United States substantially nearly all the territory in dispute." They add: "We do not consider the finding of the Tribunal as to the islands at the entrance of Portland Canal or as to the mountain line a judicial one, and we have, therefore, declined to be parties to the award." This statement aroused the indignation of Lord Alverstone, who stated it to be beneath his dignity to furnish any reply or explanation. President Roosevelt declared: "This award is the greatest diplomatic victory of our times." The President is careful to use the word "diplomatic."

The most serious blow to Canada is the part of the decision which makes the mountains run around the heads of inlets, as this makes every inlet part of the absolute territory of Russia, and shuts off Canada from approach to the ocean by inlets, arms of the sea, estuaries and inland seas for a distance of 600 miles, thereby accomplishing, in part, the long cherished object of the United States. The only grounds on which such a decision could be based are:

1. That the words "coast of the ocean" mean and include the heads of inlets, or
2. That it was the intention of the Treaty of 1825 to give Russia an unbroken and impenetrable strip of territory along the north-west coast of America.

So far as the meaning of words is concerned, no one would call the head of an inlet such as Lynn Canal the coast of the ocean. As Mr. Christopher Robinson said in the argument: "If a person who had lived all his life at the head of Lynn Canal and who had never travelled the distance of 90 miles along its channel to the ocean, were asked what the ocean was like, the only truthful reply he could give

was that he had never seen it." Mr. Aylesworth said: "It would seem to me ridiculous to speak of a ship as making an ocean voyage while sailing along the Lynn Canal." Sir Louis Jetté in his judgment, said:

"Even if we were to consider Lynn Canal as an arm of the sea, or even as an inland sea, the coast of Lynn Canal could not, even then, be considered the coast of the ocean. There is, in my country, one of the largest rivers in the world, and I have often heard it said by some of my compatriots when contemplating with pride the immense sheet of water at its mouth: 'Why, but this is the sea!' However, it has not yet entered the mind of anyone to say: 'This is the ocean!' It has been reserved for Lynn Canal to be raised to that dignity."

Nor was it the intention of Russia to receive, or of Great Britain to concede, an unbroken strip of territory along the north-west coast. The simplest and most complete way of proving this is by the fact that all through the negotiations Russia asserted over and over again that she would guarantee Great Britain the free use of all the rivers and streams traversing the strip, and clause 6 of the Treaty provides as follows:

"VI. It is understood that the subjects of His Britannic Majesty, from whatever quarter they may arrive, whether from the ocean or from the interior of the continent, shall forever enjoy the right of navigation freely, and without any hindrance whatever, all the rivers and streams which in their course towards the Pacific Ocean may cross the line of demarcation upon the line of coast described in Article III of the present Convention."

Nor could a long, deep and narrow inlet like Lynn Canal, penetrating the continent for 90 miles, and varying in width from 2 to 7 miles, be called a "winding" or "sinuosity" of the coast, parallel to which the limiting ten league line should be drawn in case the mountains receded more than that distance from the ocean coast. On this Mr. Aylesworth says in his judgment: "It seems to me equally an utter misapprehension and perversion of language to term a long narrow fiord such as Lynn Canal as mere 'sinuosity de la côte,' parallel to the sides of which the Treaty intended this

boundary line to be drawn. The coast 'parallelment' to which the mountains forming the boundary are situate is, in my opinion, clearly the general trend or direction of the main land coast line, disregarding alike narrow inlets and narrow peninsulas—cutting off a head land, it may be, where physical features justify it, or crossing the mouth of an inlet as readily as though it were the mouth of a river. And it seems to me of much importance to note that this was the view adopted by the Superintendent of United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, when issuing to his assistants instructions for their work of survey under the Convention of July 22nd, 1892. It was upon this footing that the work of survey was done by the United States and British Governments, and the object of such survey was to ascertain the facts and data necessary to the permanent delimitation of the boundary line. This work, done upon this principle by the parties now litigating, affords to us by their convention the information upon which the boundary line must now be established, in accordance with the spirit and true intent of the Treaty in regard to it."

It seems to be impossible to come to any other conclusion than that reached by the Canadian Commissioners, namely, that Canada's interests were sacrificed and her just rights ignored by the majority of the Tribunal. "Our position during the conference of the Tribunal," they say, "has been an unfortunate one. We have been in entire accord between ourselves, and have, severally and jointly, urged our views as strongly as we were able, but we have been compelled to witness the sacrifice of the interests of Canada, powerless to prevent it, though satisfied that the course the majority determined to pursue in respect to the matters specially referred to ignored the just rights of Canada."

I do not think it is necessary to seek to justify the action of the Canadian members of the Commission in refusing to sign such an award. There is plenty of most respectable precedent

for that. Sir Alexander Cockburn, representing Great Britain, under the Treaty of Washington at the Alabama Arbitration held in Geneva in 1872, did the same thing. But had there been no precedent, it was certainly time to create one. Whenever the

representatives of Canada came to the conclusion that judicial considerations had nothing to do with the conclusions being arrived at, they owed it to themselves to disassociate themselves from the Tribunal at the earliest moment possible.

## HERBERT SPENCER

*By S. T. WOOD*



HERE is something admirable, and at the same time pathetic, in the life of a man who sees the light in advance of his time, braves the hardships of the pioneer, makes a path for advancing thought and opinion and then takes up a position from which he sees the intellectual world move past and almost ignore him.

Herbert Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy may properly be regarded as the most ambitious undertaking of any writer, ancient or modern. It is an attempt to account for the existence of all phenomena, physical and metaphysical, on grounds and principle that may be classed as purely material. The completion of his colossal work during a long struggle with feeble health, and in spite of many discursions and departures into new fields to include developing phenomena and explain changing positions, is in itself an achievement that gives him a place among the greatest men of this or any age. What may be called his special insight lay in the discernment of the co-relationship of widely divergent phenomena. His process of synthesis, of putting together, has been followed throughout, and the theories of development which he evolved dominated the intellectual life of the Victorian era. The popular acceptance of not only the theory, but the thought and language of evolution, is due in large measure to his influence. He sought the genesis of man's mani-

fold and complex nature, as an explorer would laboriously trace the sources of a river, and he showed a universal harmony or co-relationship where, on the surface, there was apparent discord.

In establishing the bearings and relationships of man's political and economic life (for he omitted nothing) Herbert Spencer became one of the most influential publicists of the latter quarter of the nineteenth century. His philosophy was purely individualistic, and the irresistible force of his logic made his writings the bulwark of society against the philosophy of Karl Marx and the Socialistic school.

In *Social Statics*, published in 1850, Herbert Spencer worked out a complete system of individualism—with an eye always on the possible and the practical—a system shown to be in harmony with the deeper laws of human development. That is regarded by many as his greatest work, and it is a misfortune that changing views led him, nearly forty years later, to withdraw it from publication and forbid reissues or translations. It is to be hoped his literary executors are not restrained from republication. The foundation of his, as of all subsequent individualistic philosophy, was the common right of humanity to the surface of the earth. He made it clear that without this there could be no freedom of contract. While the demand for the recognition of this common right was vague, there was so

much in his work immediately applicable to existing conditions that it became a defence, not only against socialistic theories, but against all encroachments on personal liberty by constituted authority. It became the defence of man against the state, and the British people, in the commercial, industrial, social and personal liberty they now enjoy, owe a deeper debt to Herbert Spencer than has yet been acknowledged. His ideas took hold in the centres of learning, and from them flowed out through a multitude of channels and permeated the public mind.

No one had higher recognition in the world of thought. John Stuart Mill declared him "one of the acutest metaphysicians of recent times." Tyndall called him "the apostle of the understanding," and Huxley likened him to "the embodiment of the spirit of Descartes in the knowledge of our own day." Darwin referred to him as "the greatest expounder of the principle of evolution," and Jevons ranked his work with Newton's "Principia." Even those who fundamentally differed from him paid tributes to the greatness of his mind. Dr. McCosh said: "His bold generalizations are always instructive, and some of them may in the end be established as the profoundest laws of the knowledge of the universe." St. George Mivart, a Roman Catholic, said: "We cannot deny the title of philosopher to such a thinker as Mr. Spencer, who does genuinely bind together different and hitherto alien subjects." Many of the tributes paid to his power and achievements would seem fulsome were it not for their high source. But he lived to see the ideas which he advocated in an academic way become the subjects of campaign debate, and he does not seem to have been equal to that most severe of all tests.

Henry George expounded a practical scheme by which land communism, the basis of the individualistic philosophy in Social Statics, could be carried into effect without any industrial or social cataclysm. The practical scheme ap-

pealed to a people in a state of unrest. In the early eighties the land question became a vital issue in the United Kingdom, and the academic philosophy of Social Statics sprang into sudden popularity. A work confined for over thirty years to the libraries of the educated became familiar through the wide publication of cogent extracts. George's works obtained a large circulation at the same time, and were among the chief media in making the public familiar with Spencer's teachings. The substantial classes in Britain were alarmed. Herbert Spencer, long their refuge and defence against the Socialists, became a menace that loomed, on the one hand, more terrible than the deep sea of Socialism threatening to overwhelm them on the other. The great philosopher was attacked by *The Times* and *The Edinburgh Review*. Then began the long series of retractions, explanations and apologies in which he cut a rather poor figure. He took the foundation from under his individualistic philosophy, and in his subsequent voluminous writings there is a painful but futile effort to sustain the superstructure. In that effort he has laboured hard, but the only result has been to weaken while increasing the magnitude of his completed philosophy. Other heads, more practically wise, saw the futility of the effort, declared his methods obsolete, and conveniently ignored the logic which its author was striving to refute.

At that time it was the universal opinion of those who knew the state of his physical health and the extensive scope of his projected work that he would never live to complete it. But he has given the world a heroic example of sustained effort, under great bodily disabilities. His physical frame, weakened from early youth, was sustained by the wonderful power of his will to well beyond fourscore years. His great task was accomplished several years ago, but the work did not make any particular stir in the world of thought. What was sound in his philosophy had long since become a part of the common property of the



world. Much that the logic of events had shown to be false had been rejected. The obviously lame logic of his recantations in the comparatively simple field of sociology, and the palpable failure of his attempt to refute himself, may have led the casual reader to mistrust his guidance in the more uncertain fields of metaphysics.

In the deeper problems of human existence, the school of thought he represents has not been brought any nearer a reconciliation with that of Hegel. But the growth of human sympathy has softened the bitterness of contention and that may be better than agreement and uniformity.

One of the first popular writers to be influenced by the philosophy of Her-

bert Spencer was George Eliot. The close intellectual friendship that existed between them has left many traces that can be discerned in her writings, and even in her keenest researches among the elusive springs of human motives and impulses there are traces of Spencer's courageous directness and positive discernment of relationships. Some of her recently published letters reveal an amused appreciation of the fact that, in the earlier days, Mr. Lewis did not like Herbert Spencer. As the great philosopher has discerned co-relationships between apparently alien subjects his biographers may trace a subtle connection between these casual circumstances and his renunciation of the comforts and joys of matrimony. ]

## A HEART TO ROAM

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

HOW strange the familiar rooms have grown,  
And the peaceful days that are ever the same!  
My comrades are close—but my heart, alone,  
Harks for the breath of an alien name.

Longing holds me with eyes intent.  
Heartache whispers of dearer ways  
Than the streets where my sheltered youth was spent  
In golden, slumbering, endless days.

The poets sing us the joys of home—  
The glad return to the kind retreat.  
Here is the cry of a heart to roam—  
Dream of a trail for the eager feet.

Give me the lift of the deck again;  
The old, keen kiss of the wind in my face.  
Give me the watching, the risk, the pain,  
But take me out to a far-land place.

Lord, but 'tis weary to watch the hills  
Where the sunlight slants and the shadows glide,  
And know that only the forest spills  
Its inland waves, on the other side.

With never a half-gale's trumpeting—  
Steady and blind—to break its sleep;  
With never the flash of a cruising wing  
Where the seasons wait and the soft lights creep

How strange the familiar town has grown!  
Clear, insistent, and madd'ing sweet  
With the old new lure, to my heart alone  
Rings the old cry in the quiet street.



## BIRTHDAY IN BOGIELAND

By E. P. MEDLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY EMILY HAND

### CHAPTER III



WE will tell first of the place in which Bogies live. Think of beautiful, glistening crystal caves filled with shining lights, furnished with coral of all shades from white or palest pink to richest crimson, studded with rarest jewels. From the floors to the roofs were pillars of gold and silver, and overhead hanging drops like icicles, but sparkling with all the colours of the rainbow.

It may be difficult for you to believe that all which is fairest and most love-ly belongs to Bogieland.

The Bogie-men are not very big, nor yet so very, very small; they are not very short, nor yet very tall; it depends upon circumstances. At home they are generally small, but when they come to our earth they change their size if it suits them. Sometimes for a joke they get through a keyhole, but not often. Never after five o'clock in the afternoon. They cannot bear darkness, so they do not stay on this earth later than that; but if, by some chance, one were detained for a night, there would be seen the kindest, the most gentle and loving little creature that you can think about.

So now you understand how surprised Freddy was when he saw Bogieland.

The Princess led him into one of the shining caves, and the fairy-men wel-

comed him most kindly. One in particular was more attentive than the rest.

"I have often seen you before," he said, "and taken care of you, but you did not see me."

"Have you really?" said Freddy. "When?"

"When you are at lessons," replied the little man; "our family name is Memo, and we have a busy time of it, I can tell you, during school hours helping boys and girls to remember what they learn. You have a holiday to-day, so I have one too."

"This is my birthday," said Freddy. "I am nine."

"Yes, it was easy enough to make you remember that," said the little man. "Shall I tell you a story of a boy who tried to do without my help?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the Princess. "I love a story."

### STORY OF THE MEMORY-MAN

The boy's name was Dick; he was just about your age. I had been ordered by the King to attend on him, but from the first he refused my help, so that when he really did want me I took some time to obey him; in fact, I am afraid, I grew sulky and lazy from want of occupation.

Dick and his parents, and two brothers and a sister lived in a fine country house. One summer during the holidays a day was fixed for a pic-

nic, and several boys and girls were invited. A large brake was punctually at the door, and they were all ready to start. No, not all, for it was discovered that Dick was missing. Search was made for him, and his sister found him in the library asleep.

"Dick, Dick!" she shouted.

He looked at her stupidly. "What a row! What's up?" he asked.

"We are all ready to start; are you coming?"

"Oh, I forgot!" said Dick yawning.

"I will be ready in a minute."

He scrambled into the carriage as they were driving off, tired of waiting. They had gone a good distance before his mother noticed him.

"Dick," she said, "where is your collar?"

He put his hand to where his collar should have been, but there was none. "Bother it," he said, "I have forgotten it. I cannot go back; it is too far, anyway." They arrived at the spot chosen for the picnic, and as Dick got out of the carriage he was greeted with shouts of laughter and derision. He had put on one boot, but on the other foot was an old house-shoe.

"How funny," he said; "I thought I put both boots on."

"Perhaps you took one off again," they jeered.

"Perhaps I did, but I quite forget," said Dick. "It can't be helped."

The hampers were placed under some trees. "Now, children," said the mother, "be careful and do not knock these over. You had better go and play while we lay the cloth."

Away they ran all but Dick, who did not care to go far as he had great difficulty in walking with "one shoe off and one shoe on;" so he thought he would sit down under a tree—Crash, smash, splash! What had happened? The lid of one of the hampers was open, and Dick had sat on a beautiful fruit pie which stood on some plates. A scream of dismay and anger from his mother made him jump up pretty quickly.

"Did I not tell you to be careful?" she said. "Why did you not go and play with the others?"

"I forgot the beastly hampers," said Dick, "and, anyway, it is not very nice for me, is it?" he continued, turning round to show her his clothes covered with juice from the pie. He put his hand into his pocket for his handkerchief, but drew out instead a crumpled collar! His mother shook her head sadly. Dick never seemed able to do anything right. I heard her say one day that surely some wicked Bogie had hold of him, but I knew better; it was because Dick would not let me take care of him. I had gone to the picnic sitting on the step of the carriage, so as to be near if Dick wanted me. I went up and whispered to him just at this moment, and suddenly he turned to his mother and said:

"I say, mother, I am awfully sorry I sat on the pie, you know. There is another one though, and I will not eat any, so that will make it square."

You can guess what I had whispered to him.

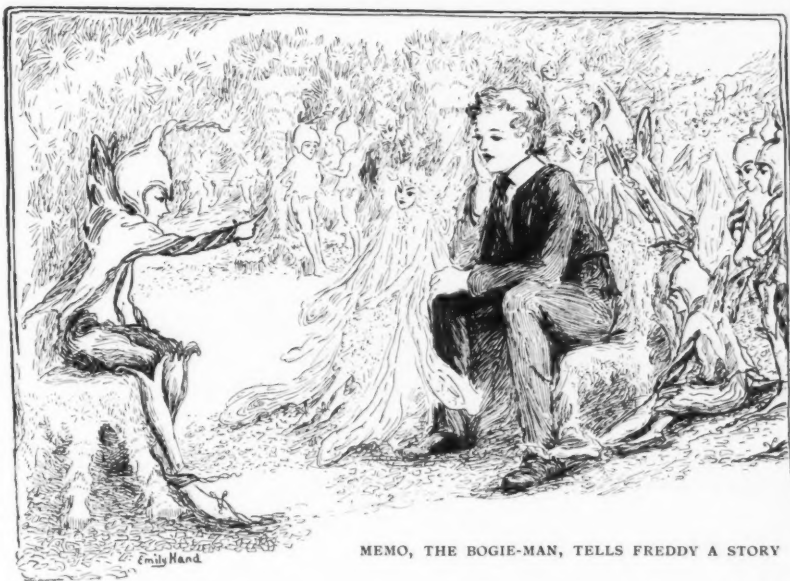
What a merry dinner it was! No one said a word about Dick's unlucky sit-down. I kept away from him so as not to spoil his fun, so that he forgot when pudding-time came, and took a large helping of fruit-pie; he had nearly finished by the time I looked at him, and soon I heard him saying: "Give us some more, pl—," when I touched him gently. He got very red and confused.

"Oh, I say, mother, I quite forgot; oh, I say!"

He was very silent for a while, as I crept close to him, but gradually I went away from his side, and then he seemed to cheer up; so, thinking he could do without me, I fell asleep, and must have slept some time.

I was suddenly awakened by shouts of "Mother, mother, come! Dick will be drowned; come quickly!"

I jumped up and ran to the banks of a river and saw Dick in the midst of the stream in a small boat which was being twisted and twirled about by the strong current that was drawing it towards a water-fall a short distance down. Dick was standing up, wringing his hands and shouting to them



MEMO, THE BOGIE-MAN, TELLS FREDDY A STORY

on the bank to save him. There was no other boat at hand and no pole long enough to reach him; it seemed as if he must be drowned.

His mother and brothers and sister and friends were screaming and crying, running backwards and forwards, almost tearing their hair with terror and anxiety. No one thought of little me, but, using my secret power, I quickly passed through the air and settled down beside Dick in the boat. In another second Dick had seized the oars which, sure enough, were under the seats as I had suspected, and all those on the bank stopped running about and shouted with delight as he gradually got the boat into calmer water, for I sat beside him and reminded him how his father had taught him to guide it, and so he was saved from a watery grave.

His friends crowded round, asking why he had given them such a fright when the oars were there all the time. "I never thought of them," said Dick, "I remembered all of a sudden."

"Oh dear, dear, what a memory you have!" said his mother, laughing and crying with joy at having him safe again.

"Yes, it's a beast," said Dick.

What ingratitude! He would have been drowned but for me. That is how we little men are treated.

All the way home I kept very close to Dick. I am never very angry with boys and girls, because they are young, but I do play tricks on older people sometimes.

I was much delighted when Dick's father said to him, "There is nothing the matter with your memory, my boy, but you *will not use it*." I thought him a most sensible man, and I must say that since then Dick has given me almost more work than I can manage sometimes.



#### CHAPTER IV

WHILE the memory-man told his story a crowd of Bogies had gathered round. They all looked at Freddy in wonder; so to show he felt quite at ease he began to whistle his favourite air. Once more the effect was instantaneous. "Whistle and we will dance," they cried, "whistle and we will dance."

"Dance and sing as well," said the



THE DANCE OF THE BOGIES

Princess. So Freddy whistled and the Bogies danced; then they all whistled and danced and ended by singing. This is what they sang :

## SONG

(Tune "Bogie-Man.")

## FIRST VERSE

I sing to the darling little ones as joyful as  
can be,  
Fill them with mirth and happiness, laughing  
aloud with glee;  
Weave garlands fair and guard with care  
each mortal child's life's span,  
Till they too dance and shout with joy, "Here  
comes a Bogie-man!"

## CHORUS

Dance, dance, dance, dance little Bogie  
man!  
We dearly love the girls and boys and help  
them all we can.  
Dance, dance, dance, so blythe and gay they  
ran,  
Each tries to be the first to see a little Bogie-  
man.

## VERSE II

Who when they play at Lucky-tub or dip  
in pies of bran,  
Who helps the children's little hands to find  
the best they can—  
The boys to choose a four-blade knife, the  
girls a doll or fan?  
Who tempts Mamma to baker's shops?  
Why little Bogie-man!  
—Chorus again.

## VERSE III

When Granny asks them out to tea and gives  
them buns and cake,  
And Aunts and Uncles always know what  
presents best to take;  
And when cook thinks of something nice to  
put into her pan;  
Who helps to make them remember all?  
Memo, the Bogie-man!

## CHORUS

Dance, dance, dance, dance little Bogie-  
man!  
We dearly love the girls and boys and help  
them all we can.  
Dance, dance, dance, so blythe and gay we  
ran,  
The children shouting "let us see dear little  
Bogie-man."

It was a pretty sight to see them dancing. The lovely Princess had invited about fifty of her dearest friends to drop in and they were all dressed in frocks of the most delicate and delightful colours and danced so gracefully that Freddy thought two eyes were not enough to look at so much beauty and splendour.

The King and Queen sat on golden thrones, polished bright, and a third had been placed between them for Freddy. He grew so excited that, finding he could whistle better standing, he mounted the throne and stood waving his spade till, what with whistling and singing and dancing and laughing, everyone had scarcely any breath left. One by one they sat down and then refreshments were handed round, but when Freddy tried them he gave a sigh and wished they knew how to make lemonade and jelly as his mother did. This set him thinking of his mother, and he suddenly became so grave that every eye was anxiously turned on him till he grew so red in the face that he looked, yes, he really looked as if he were going to cry.

"What is the matter?" asked the Queen. "Is it anything to do with what you call the weather? *Have you lost it?*"



Freddy stared at her ; then gradually a smile came to his face, but the Queen still looked anxious.

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed Freddy. "Don't tell me ; you know what the weather is well enough."

"No, no, show us," they all cried and started to their feet and crowded round him.

Freddy was utterly astonished. These Bogie-men actually knew nothing about things he knew, though he was so young. At this thought he felt so proud that he drew up his head grandly and said :

"Listen, then, and I will tell you what the weather is."

The crowd waited breathlessly while Freddy paused a moment as he found the explanation more difficult than he had imagined. He knew *quite well*, of course, but it is not easy to tell about things when you are only nine years old to the day.

"Where I live," he began, "it is sometimes awfully hot and sometimes awfully cold. Sometimes it is fine and sometimes it is not."

"What is not?" again enquired the Queen.

"The weather, I tell you," said Freddy impatiently.

"What is it like? What colour is it? Where does it come from? How big is it?" These and a hundred other questions were asked, till poor Freddy was so bewildered that he flourished his spade to keep back the crowd and shouted, "Shut up! What a row!"

"Your Boyship is not angry, we hope," said the King.

Freddy, who had imagined himself so grand and clever a minute before, suddenly seemed to become very, very young and a great wish to go home came over him. The right words to explain about the weather would *not* come and he thought they were beginning to laugh at him.

All at once a bright idea struck him. He cried out loudly :

"I say! Will you all come and see my mother? She knows everything. So does my father and they are both jolly kind."



"Sure enough, she had found a ladder made of tree roots"

"We will! We will! All of us," they answered.

"Come on, then," said Freddy, "and bring a ladder."

"Take me with you," said the Princess, and she looked so beautiful that Freddy felt as if he must kiss her.



"What is the weather, mother?"

The Bogies crossed the lake in hundreds of little boats, all chattering and wondering what the weather would be like in Freddy's earth. He waded across as before, but this time he held the hand of the Princess and thought she grew more beautiful every minute. When they reached the other side he whispered to her, "Let us run on to show the way." So off they started, but what the Princess called running was not as fast as Freddy's walking, so in an instant he lifted her in his arms and, still grasping his spade, ran with her faster than he had ever done in his life before. She was so surprised that she could not utter a word, but she did not seem to mind when she thought of seeing the weather.

On, on, Freddy ran, not thinking of the road till he came to a sign-post with only "Longest Way Round" on it.

"Oh, what a bore!" he said. "We shall be so late."

"Why?" asked the Princess.

"Because we have come the longest way round after all."

The Princess clapped her hands.

"Look, look, what is on the other side!"

Freddy read "Way Home." "Of course," he said, "this is what I have been looking for all day."

Away he ran, still carrying the Princess and thinking how pleased his mother would be to see them both. Soon, to his great joy, he found himself at the very spot where he had fallen from the earth, and glimmering through an opening above his head was the sun he had not seen for so long.

"Look!" he said to the Princess.

"How fine it is!"

"What is fine?" she asked.

"The weather, the weather, look!" cried Freddy excitedly.

"Where? Do let me see." She was so anxious to be the first to see the wonder that she nearly fell out of his arms.

"I cannot see it," she said sadly.

"Wait till we get right up," said Freddy gaily, placing her gently on the moss. As he did so the thought flashed through his mind that in his hurry he had quite forgotten a ladder. "Hang it," he said, "how can we get up?" and he began to—no not really, he only felt like it and sniffed and blinked.

"I think this must be the way," said the Princess, and sure enough she had found a ladder made of tree roots twisted and tied together in the cleverest way possible leaning against the opening in the ground.

"I will go up first to see if it is safe and then come and fetch you," said Freddy grandly. So saying he grasped his spade firmly and prepared to climb, but, when he saw the lovely Princess gazing at him with tears in her eyes at the thought of being left by herself, he could not help it, he ran back and gave her just one kiss; then, darting quickly away, he rushed to the ladder and in a few minutes had climbed to the top right into the bright sunshine of Earth.

He stepped on to the path, carefully laid down his spade and turned to descend for the Princess. Imagine his dismay and disappointment! Not a

trace of the opening remained! He saw only the hole he had dug, but it seemed scarcely any depth at all. He gazed at it full of sorrow at having left the Princess and thinking how delighted she would have been with the sunshine and the blue sky. They seemed more beautiful than he had ever seen them and so, feeling still strange and bewildered, he took up his spade and went into the house.

It revived his spirits a little to find preparations were being made for his birthday dinner as he had feared it would have been finished some time before. He hurried upstairs when he heard his mother calling him.

"Make haste, Freddy, dinner is almost ready. What have you been doing all the morning?"

"All the morning! And afternoon too you mean, mother?"

She looked at him laughing. "I think you have been asleep," she said, "I suppose the hot weather makes you drowsy."

"What is the weather, mother?" asked Freddy seriously.

"You are still asleep, dreaming also, I think," answered his mother, giving him a gentle shake. "Fancy asking what the weather is." She

went downstairs laughing at what she considered a most absurd question. . .

No one would believe Freddy when he told them he had really been to Bogieland, but it is a fact, nevertheless, and it is so silly of people who have never been there to go on talking of Bogies as black and horrible, as they have never seen them.

From that day Freddy's memory improved wonderfully, and he knew that it was because the little Memory-man came and sat beside him every night to keep his lessons in his mind while he slept, especially during examination time.

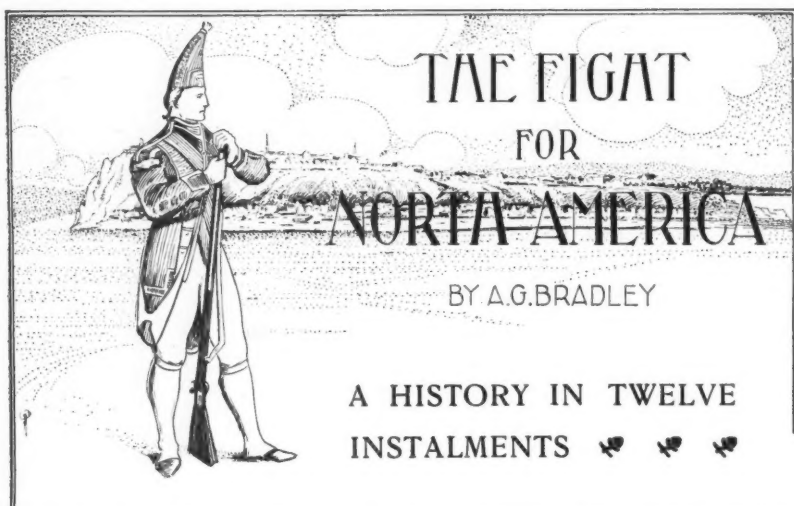
38

Princess Cyclamenia watched in vain for the "dear mortal-boy" to come again. When still he did not return, she would say, "I expect it is that terrible weather which prevents him"; adding mysteriously, "I nearly saw it once."

Often when Freddy hears grumbling about the weather all around him, when it is too hot or too wet or too foggy, he wishes himself back with the Princess in Bogieland where the happy people have no weather to speak of.

THE END





CHAPTER II—FRENCH DESIGNS AGAINST BRITISH EXPANSION—FRENCH EXPEDITION TO THE OHIO VALLEY—THE ACADIANS—WASHINGTON CARRIES THE ENGLISH PROTEST TO THE OHIO—FIGHT AT THE “GREAT MEADOWS”—BEGINNING OF THE STRUGGLE

IT was in the year 1747, just prior to the peace and treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, that De la Galissonière arrived in Canada as its Governor. Like many of his predecessors, he was a naval officer, being, in fact, the very commander who, a few years later, opposed Byng in the action off Minorca which brought disgrace and death and immortality to that unfortunate admiral. Though of an ill shape, amounting almost to deformity, the new Governor was a man of singular shrewdness and ability, and regarded the future of North America with anxious foresight. For a moment he was chiefly disturbed at the activity of the small and remote settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company, but in a short time the vaster and more direct issues which brooded over the West commanded his whole attention. We have already seen how long was the arm that France thrust out to grasp the fur-bearing regions of the North and North-West. But to the southwards, to that vast fat country which in modern parlance would be called the

middle West, she had as yet turned little of her attention. With its head resting on the great Canadian lakes and its feet upon the small French settlement of New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico, this region was still, if we except that unconsidered factor, the indigenous inhabitant, a no-man's land. An ocean of foliage, almost unthinkable in its immensity, and only broken at intervals by the smooth sheen of noble rivers, the white gleam of turbulent streams, or the scarcely noticeable clearings, where faint smoke-wreaths marked an Indian village, it patiently awaited the struggle that such a virgin empire at such a strenuous period was quite certain to provoke.

Viewed by the light of modern times, all other territories in dispute, or ripe for it, between the two nations, seem to sink into insignificance before this great American hinterland. Nor, of course, was it merely this West of 1747, this Mississippi basin, that was the prize, but those greater and only less fertile realms beyond, which in the

days I write of had hardly dawned on the vision of the wildest dreamer.

It is a curious reflection that a cork thrown into a stream which, on an ordinary map of the United States, would appear to rise upon the very shores of Lake Erie, will eventually float out through the mouth of the Mississippi at New Orleans into the Gulf of Mexico. Now both Lake Erie and New Orleans were French, and this network of converging streams pouring southwards formed a link between them, practically cutting North America in twain. It was this immense, well-watered domain, lying between the northern and the far southern settlements of France, which filled the mind and fired the ambition of Galissonière and others no less important than he. Their aims, which now began to assume definite shape, were to form a far-extended line of forts from the headwaters to the mouth of the Ohio River; and to gain over the Indians of all this region, both by energetic intrigues against the English, and, what was still more effective, by a military occupation of it and a display of force which would be sufficient to intimidate all European interlopers. This achieved, it was thought not unlikely that a fresh wave of French immigration might give solidity to the occupation, and that the English would thus—so they dared to hope—be permanently hemmed in behind the Alleghanies, which formed a continuous and formidable rampart between this new country and the thirteen colonies.

Both nations claimed the Ohio Valley, the French on account of La Salle's discovery of the Mississippi a century before; the English for the more tangible reason that the land of promise lay immediately behind and adjacent to their own colonies, and that

their traders had been for long accustomed to cross the mountains in considerable numbers. But claims which clashed so hopelessly could not be settled by treaties, and the French were by a long way the first to recognize that they would be settled by the sword. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle could do nothing to determine such hopelessly conflicting views, though Commissioners sat for months endeavouring with much futile diligence to adjust the comparatively simple question of international boundary lines in Nova Scotia and the adjoining mainland.

It was not, however, till the summer of 1749 that De la Galissonière started the first French expedition to the Ohio, a purely prospective one, and only just strong enough to protect itself from possible Indian hostilities.

It comprised some fourteen officers and cadets, twenty French regulars, a hundred and eight Canadians and a few Indians.

Leaving Montreal in early

summer, they passed up Lake Ontario, and carrying their canoes round the falls and rapids of Niagara, pushed up Lake Erie as far as the present village of Portland. Here they landed, and, laden with their boats and packs, scaled the lofty ridges on whose further slopes the fountain springs of the Ohio basin gather in the now familiar waters of the Chatauqua Lake. After infinite toil through pathless forests and down rocky, shallow streams, they reached within a month the broader current of one of the forks of the Ohio, now known as the Alleghany. A French captain, De Céloron, was in command, and among his portables he carried a number of leaden plates bearing significant inscriptions, and as many tin shields engraved with the arms of France. On reaching the Alleghany River he buried one of the first of these in the

*La Galissonière*

AUTOGRAPH OF LA GALISSONIERE, GOVERNOR  
OF CANADA, 1747-8



ground, and nailed one of the latter to a tree, formally proclaiming at the same time that he reasserted the dominion of the king, his master, over the whole region. The words inscribed upon the leaden plates ran as follows: "Year 1749, in the reign of Louis XV, King of France. We, Céloron, commanding the detachment sent by the Marquis de la Galissonnière, Commandant General of New France, to re-establish tranquillity in certain Indian villages in these cantons, have buried this plate at the meeting of the Ohio and Tchadakoin, this 29th July, as a mark of the renewal of possession which we had formerly taken of the aforesaid river Ohio and all its feeders, and all territory upon both sides of the aforesaid streams as former kings of France have enjoyed or ought to have enjoyed, and which they have maintained by force of arms and by treaties, especially by those of Ryswick, Utrecht, and Aix-la-Chapelle."

Within living memory more than one of these plates have been cast up by the rage of streams that now turn the mill-wheels and bear the commerce of a stirring Anglo-Saxon life. Grim spectres, as it were, from the grave where lie buried and forgotten the splendid dreams of the old pioneers of France, they may still be seen amid the curiosities of museums, and pondered over as rare object-lessons on the vanity of human hopes.

There is no need here to dwell in detail on the doings of this advanced guard, these heralds of an approaching conflict, whose gravity they themselves so little realized as they paddled their bark canoes down the buoyant streams of "La belle rivière." Indian villages, breaking the dense wall of bordering forests, by the river side, they found in plenty, where Delawares, Shawanoes, and Mingoes dwelt, with a fat and fertile country spreading all around. Buffalo browsed in rich meadows of blue grass and wild clover; while elk and deer ranged through stately forests whose timber spoke of a soil more generous and a clime less

stern than that which they had left on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Everywhere De Céloron and his followers proclaimed their peaceful intentions—a very necessary precaution, in truth, for so weak a force—and protested that their only object in undertaking so toilsome a journey was to warn their Indian brothers of the treacherous designs of the English. Everywhere, however, to their chagrin, they were received without enthusiasm, and sometimes in a fashion that threatened to become serious. In almost every village they found a handful of English traders, whom they warned off as trespassers on French territory, producing in justification of their course a written treaty that was capable of almost any sort of interpretation. The Indians showed no disposition to be rid of the traders, though it was not worth the latter's while to resist an order that could be laughed at the moment the French had turned their backs. So everything went off pleasantly. The Indians drank a good deal of brandy at the expense of their father, Onontio (the French king), and listened stolidly to lengthy orations in which they were assured that the English were their real foes, and that it was not trade they desired, but land, which was perfectly true so far as the colonists collectively were concerned, for there were land companies at that very moment blossoming out both in Virginia and Pennsylvania. The French, so the Indians were assured, were their true and only brothers, while their father, Onontio, if they would only believe it, was a very paragon of parents. More tin shields were nailed to trees, and more leaden plates buried, the last of them by the banks of the Great Kennawha, in the present State of West Virginia.

After a toilsome pilgrimage, accounted by the travellers as not less than 3,000 miles, De Céloron, with a somewhat diminished company, arrived once more at Montreal, possessed of the uncomfortable conviction that leaden plates and tin shields, and the blessings of Onontio would go a very

short way towards securing this earthly paradise for France. It was a lamentable but undeniable fact, he declared to the new Governor of Canada, Jonquière, who had arrived in his absence, that the English traders could easily undersell their own, that rivalry in this particular was impossible, and that the Indians were everywhere well disposed towards the English. The latter, he declared, must at all hazards be kept upon the east of the Alleghan-

we have passed over it lightly, was geographically and politically an extremely important one. But the English colonists knew almost nothing of it. Even their few far-sighted leaders scarcely took notice of it. But with the French it was the prologue of war.

We must leave the effects of the De Céloron expedition to simmer in the minds of the rulers of Canada, while pausing for a page or two, even thus early, to say something of Acadia or

L'AN 1749 DV REGNE DE LOUIS XV ROY DE  
FRANCE NOVS CELORON COMMANDANT DVN  
DETACHEMENT ENVOIÉ PAR MONSIEVR LE M<sup>re</sup>  
DE LA GALISSONNIERE COMMANDANT GENERAL DE  
LA NOUVELLE FRANCE POVR RETABLIR LA  
TRANQVILLITÉ DANS QUELQUES VILLAGES SAUVAGES  
DE CES CANTONS AVONS ENTERRÉ CETTE PLAQUE  
AU CONFLUENT DE LOHIO ET DETCHADAKOIN CE 29<sup>ivillet</sup>  
PRES DE LA RIVIÈRE OYO AUTREMENT BELLE  
RIVIÈRE POVR MONUMENT DU RENOUVELLEMENT DE  
POSSESSION QUE NOUS AVONS PRIS DE LA DITTE  
RIVIÈRE OYO ET DE TOUTES CELLES QUI Y  
TOMBENT ET DE TOUTES LES TERRES DES DEUX  
CÔTES JVSQVE AUX SOVRCES DES DITES RIVIÈRES  
AINSI QVÉN ONT JOVY OV DV JOVIR LES  
PRECEDENTS ROIS DE FRANCE ET QVILS S'Y  
SONT MAINTENVS PAR LES ARMES ET PAR LES  
TRAITTES SPECIALEMENT PAR CEVX DE RISWICK  
D'VTRECHT ET D'AIX LA CHAPELLE

FAC-SIMILE OF ONE OF CÉLORON'S PLATES, 1749  
FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA ARCHIVES

ies, and the Ohio Valley preserved from their intrusion. De Céloron had, in fact, despatched during his wanderings a civilly worded letter to the Governor of Pennsylvania, from whose borders came the majority of traders encountered by the French, expressing surprise that the English should be making so free with territory that all the world knew was the property of his most Catholic Majesty. But if His Excellency of Pennsylvania ever received it, it is quite certain he never vouchsafed a reply. This expedition, though

Nova Scotia, that outlying bone of contention between the two nations in the North. A glance at the map will show the reader how very nearly an island is this important peninsula. The narrow isthmus which connects it with what is now New Brunswick was then the boundary across which the troops of France and England watched each other with no friendly eyes from their respective forts.

At the north-east of Acadia, only severed from the mainland by the narrow gut of Canso, lay the island of



WILLIAM SHIRLEY, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS, 1741

He saw that war with France was inevitable and early began preparations by making treaties with the Indians, and establishing forts along the western settlements of Massachusetts

FROM SMITH'S BRITISH MEZZOTINT PORTRAITS AND WINSOR'S HISTORY OF AMERICA, VOL. V.

Cape Breton, a name once as familiar to the world as the Cape of Good Hope, but now almost unknown. Its fame rested on the great fortress of Louisbourg, which with its considerable town and ample harbour dominated the North Atlantic, and was styled the "Dunkirk of America." All Acadia had been handed over to England at the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, with the exception of this little island of Cape Breton, or in other words Louisbourg. The latter, during the late war in the year 1745, had been stormed and captured in spirited fashion by

a force of New England militia under Peperall, acting in conjunction with Admiral Warren and an English fleet. It was restored to the French, however, three years later at the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, amid the loud protestations of the few in England who were conversant with the politics of the North Atlantic—protestations fully justified by the immense stress laid upon its restoration by the French. The population of Nova Scotia consisted of a few thousand French-Canadian *habitants*, who occupied chiefly the more fertile spots on the western



ROBERT DINWIDDIE, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA, 1751-1758

He was the first Governor to strike a blow in the final struggle for British supremacy on this continent

AFTER A PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF THE DINWIDDIE FAMILY—FROM "OLD VIRGINIA AND HER NEIGHBOURS"

coast which looked across the Bay of Fundy to the even less populous mainland. There were also, as already indicated, two or three isolated forts where small detachments of British regulars or Colonial militia under a British Governor maintained an existence of appalling monotony and of almost unexampled seclusion from the outer world.

Everything conceivable had been done, both from motives of policy and humanity, to reconcile these outlying French-Canadians to British rule. They had now been recognized British sub-

jects for nearly forty years, and had been consistently treated in a fashion so magnanimous as to be the despair of the French, who through the agency of their priests, backed by their blood-thirsty battalions of so-called Indian converts, had laboured tirelessly to promote discontent with British rule; but of this there will be more to say later. It will be sufficient to state here that the French, with their renewed occupation in greatly increased strength of Louisbourg, had so encouraged and accelerated these evil efforts throughout the province that it

was deemed necessary to create a counterpoise, and Halifax was founded upon the eastern shore. It was the only instance, and, I think, remains so, of a British colony of free men founded by the Imperial Government for a definite and Imperial purpose. Surveys were made, the site of a city selected, and offers of land, of temporary maintenance and arms were advertised in England, with special inducements to the many officers and soldiers disbanded after the late war. In July, 1749, three thousand souls—men, women and children—were landed on the shores of Chebucto Bay. Others followed, and in a short time, with much less of the trouble, hardship and sickness, that usually attends such wholesale ventures, the town of Halifax arose. The nucleus of British settlement was now introduced that, immensely increased thirty years later by the exiled loyalists of the American Revolution, was to make Nova Scotia a great and prosperous British province. The French settlements lay, as I have said, upon the western side of the peninsula. The Acadians, who there grew hay and oats and apples upon a limited scale, were sunk in ignorance and superstition. They were thrifty, however, fairly industrious, and of themselves only anxious for an obscure and peaceable existence.\* Their English Governors had interfered with them in no way whatever, not even taxing them in the lightest degree. The French authorities, with the recovery of the province always in view, and in consequence keenly interested in keeping disaffection alive, regarded this extreme leniency with something like dismay. They went so far as to complain that the British Government condoned even the very crimes of these simple peasants. One most necessary token of submission, however, their new masters had made, or rather endeavoured to make, a point

of, and this was the oath of allegiance to King George. To the peasantry themselves, born for the most part in remote seclusion and ignorant of the sentiment, probably of the very meaning of the word patriotism as regarding their mother country, this would in itself have been a small matter. But of the priests they stood in proper awe, and the priests were instructed to spare no pains in endeavours to prevent their flocks taking the obnoxious oath. Unscrupulous energy was shown upon the one side; too much forbearance upon the other by the handful of bored and good-natured soldiers who represented England. For the first thirty years, however, these clerical agents from Canada were not so actively mischievous; the greater part of the thinly scattered population took some sort of oath of allegiance, and the land had peace.

Then came the great European war, which was chiefly marked in North America by the capture of Louisbourg at the hands of the New Englanders in 1745. This notable achievement sent a passing quiver of excitement through the dense forests of Acadia, even to the villages on the Bay of Fundy. The Canadian missionaries renewed their efforts, which were met with a fresh show of activity in enforcing the oath. But so far no very tangible evil had come of all this. The Acadians were not put to the test; they were far removed from all scenes of racial strife or discord, and among their diked-in meadows and orchards continued to propagate in peace and rude plenty the most reactionary and ignorant breed of white men on the North American continent.

When Louisbourg was given back to the French, however, and some vague claims to the northern shore of the province as the only winter route to Canada were put in by them to the commissioners appointed at the treaty of 1748, all was again agog. The founding of Halifax in the following year, and the advent in force of the dreaded British settler, though on the further shore, seemed to demolish all

\*The Acadians were not fond of the axe. They made little inroad on the forests which covered Nova Scotia, but diked in the marshes which fringed the sea coast at certain places, and cultivated the reclaimed land.



hopes of French supremacy in the future. England might annex and rule, for their very great content and infinite happiness, the French American colonies, but she might get tired of such an unprofitable business. It was not likely, however, that Great Britain would ever allow a province, whither she had deliberately invited her own people, to pass again into the hands of a Government who hounded even their own Protestants, like lepers, from their gates.

Such activity was now shown in stirring up the hitherto happy Acadians, both at the lately restored Louisbourg and at Quebec, that the British authorities felt that after forty years of indulgent treatment the hour had now come to demand who were their friends and who their foes. Any Acadians who might object to taking the oath of allegiance to King George had been granted ample liberty to remove their effects to the adjoining territory of Canada. The few, however, who had done so had been generally driven to it by priestly intimidation. War seemed again in the air, and war this time of a more serious kind, for America. Cornwallis, uncle of the ill-fated general who surrendered thirty years later to Washington at Yorktown, had just come out as Governor of Nova Scotia. He was an able and sensible young man of thirty-five, and of a kindly disposition, but he decided that the Acadians must once and for all be put to the test of a full and binding oath of allegiance. Most of them had been actually born British subjects. It was thoroughly understood in Canada that, if left to themselves, they would ask for nothing better than to continue such; so the cruel system of intimidation was renewed with redoubled zeal.

The Governor of Canada and the Commandant of Louisbourg were the chief wire-pullers, and their correspondence revealing their precious schemes is extant. If war was inevitable, the French were anxious to defer it as long as possible. Peace was to be outwardly observed, even to

effusiveness. The official pens of the French commanders grew almost affectionate when addressing their brother-dignitaries in Halifax and the British forts. Their letters to the agents of this secret policy almost joked about these diplomatic falsehoods, as they gave precise instructions for the discord that was to be spread among the Acadians and the scalps that were to be torn from the bleeding heads of English settlers by Micmac Indians in French employ. The two leading points in their policy were to frighten the Acadians from taking an oath of allegiance which their simple faith might lead them to regard as binding, and to frighten the newly arrived English settlers out of Nova Scotia. But, above all, they wrote to each other, it was imperative that they should not be suspected of such designs.

Their chief agent for carrying fire, and sword, and misery among the hitherto contented Acadians was an unscrupulous scoundrel called Le Loutre—an energetic, able, but fanatic priest, whose hatred of the English was only equalled by his heartless cruelty to his own people. He had many zealous abettors under his orders, priests of the cold-blooded and bigoted stamp, though even they recoiled sometimes from their leader's methods. Short of physical force, religious terror was the only engine by which the Acadians could be driven. It was this agency, one which Canadian priests so well understood, that had all along been utilized. But now the screw was to be turned on in pitiless and relentless fashion.

Any Acadians who should take the proffered oath were promised inevitable damnation in the world to come—an awful reality to the trembling, credulous *habitant*. To take an oath of allegiance to a heretic king was represented as the most hideous of all sins. They were assured, too, that the English settlers at the far edge of a hundred miles of unbroken forest would take away their lands. Those who showed signs of risking their salvation, and of judging the English by their

past deeds, were threatened with a visit from one of the many bands of Micmac Indians with which Le Loutre now filled the woods. Attacks upon the English settlers pushing out from Halifax were represented as a religious crusade. The murder of straggling soldiers from the British forts was extolled as a meritorious action. The so-called Christian Indians were hounded on till the environs of Halifax became the scene of daily murders, and



FRENCH SOLDIER, 1755  
THE COAT IS BLUE, FACED WITH RED

all this was in peace time! Proclamation after proclamation was sent out by the English authorities, calling on the people to take the oath, recalling their past treatment and promising them a continuation of it. The wretched Acadians, grovelling with superstitious fear, and steeped in the lies poured daily into their ears as to the British intentions, were in a pitiable position. There was no question of patriotism in the ordinary sense of the word. It was sheer terror, physical and spiritual, that paralyzed them. A

shade more of intelligence on their part would have righted the whole matter, and the misleading hexameters of Evangeline would never have been written. Long before the last of the many ultimatums sent by the long-suffering English governors, hundreds of Acadians had abandoned their homesteads and fled to the strange and unsympathetic settlements on the Canadian mainland or to the sterile rocks of Cape Breton. Hundreds more, bewildered and despairing, had fled to the woods, mixed with the Indians, shared in their bloody raids and became irretrievable outlaws.

No word of pity for these unhappy people, so far as we know, passed a French official lip. A prosperous village that showed signs of preferring the familiar and indulgent rule of the Government under which most of its people had lived and flourished all their lives was fired by Le Loutre's own hand to drive them into exile. The tension and rivalry existing between England and France at this time in America admitted of no half-measures. The French fort of Beausejour scowled across the narrow isthmus at the British station of Fort Laurence, and formed an admirable base for the deviltries of Le Loutre. Since the re-occupation of Louisbourg by the French, the latter had become the stronger military influence on the north-east coast, and they fondly looked forward, when war should break out, to the recapture of Nova Scotia. That the manhood of 12,000 hardy peasants would be an invaluable aid goes without saying, and accounts for, though it does not excuse, these untiring efforts to destroy the harmony between the Acadians and the British Government. Monckton, of whom we shall hear again, succeeded Cornwallis as British Governor. Hopson and Laurence (of expatriation notoriety) followed, all excellent and kindly men. The ethics of the eighteenth century, or perhaps even a later century under similar conditions, could not be expected to tolerate the persistent refusal of nearly the whole population of a legally possessed and lenient-

ly administered province, to swear full allegiance to their lawful king at a vital crisis. The whole story from 1747 to 1755 is sad enough. It is the blackest blot on French transatlantic history, and stains the memory of De la Jonquière and Duquesne, who permitted their innocent fellow-countrymen to be made the tools of a dishonest policy, to be heartlessly sacrificed, and then ruthlessly flung away. The notable deportation of 8,000 Acadians in 1755, taken by itself, is not easy to defend; but who reads of or cares anything for the years of forbearance under ceaseless provocation, which at last broke down before the deadlock which at a critical period faced the English Government? It is a poor consolation,

too, to remember that of all the various points to which these unhappy emigrants found their way, it was among their fellow-countrymen in Quebec that they

met with least sympathy and kindness, while the greatest measure of compassion, and that of a practical kind, was found among the arch-heretics of New England. All French writers of that day unite in testifying to the complete indifference shown toward the Acadian refugees by their countrymen, and all repudiate the methods of Le Loutre.

It is satisfactory to know that this unprincipled fanatic was eventually caught by the English on the high seas, and was a prisoner for eight years in Jersey Castle under an assumed name. A story runs that a soldier of the garrison, who had served in Nova Scotia, recognized the monster as having once ordered him to be scalped, and tried to stab him with his

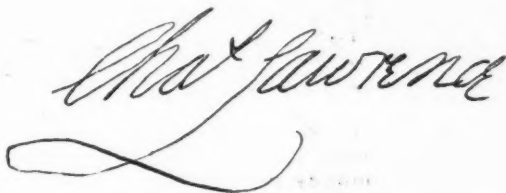
bayonet. The soldier's rage was so uncontrollable that he had to be transferred to another garrison. But we have of necessity been anticipating somewhat, and it is a relief to turn from these poor and underground methods of combating destiny to the more honest operations on the Ohio.

In the year 1749 De la Jonquière succeeded Galissonnière as Governor of Canada. He succeeded also to his policy of keeping the English upon the eastern side of the Alleghanies. But he was not fated to carry it much further forward; for, though he ruled over Canada for nearly two years, the rival nations remained at peace, and it required some exceptional audacity to take the risk of setting the world on

fire. De la Jonquière died early in 1752; and, after a brief interval, the Marquis Duquesne de Meneval came out in his place. He was descended from the famous naval

commander of that name, was of haughty mien, a strong disciplinarian, and zealous to a fault in all military concerns. He exacted full service from the militia, about 15,000 strong, drilled and organized them, together with the 2,000 colonial regulars or troops of marine, and worked both arms of the service with much assiduity for nearly two years in his determination to make them a thoroughly efficient force.

In the summer of 1752, when the rivers and lakes had shaken off their load of ice, Duquesne made ready for the first act in the coming drama, and sent out the expedition that was to begin fort-building in the Ohio Valley, the disputed territory. Like Galissonnière's less direct challenge three years previously, Duquesne's stronger co-



AUTOGRAPH OF CHAS. LAWRENCE, WHOM CORNWALLIS SENT TO BUILD A FORT OPPOSITE FORT BEAUSÉJOUR. THE FORT IS USUALLY CALLED "LAURENCE" FROM WINSOR'S HISTORY OF AMERICA

horts paddled up to Lake Erie, but chose on this occasion a better landing place, at a spot where the town that takes its name from the lake now stands. There were here, however, twenty miles of rough watershed to be surmounted, and the difficulties of carrying their impedimenta over it were so great as to exhaust the patience and capacities of the younger officers and the vitality of their commander, Marin, who died from his exertions. He was an old and capable officer, and his loss was greatly felt. A successor was sent forward by Duquesne—if not so old as Marin, a veteran in experience, and an explorer of the western plains, one Legardeur de St. Pierre.

The difficulties of their progress were increased by loads of useless trappings that were purchased for corrupt reasons by the officials who made money out of commissariat trans-

actions. Two forts were built, one at Erie on the lake, another at the head of Ohio navigation, known as Fort le Bœuf. This was enough to impress the Indian tribes with ideas of French determination and English apathy; an earnest rather of what was coming than a far-reaching movement in itself. At the same time it was quite enough to arouse the British authorities to their danger, and to call for explanations, which hastened on the crisis.

Two colonial Governors stand out pre-eminently at this moment, Shirley, of Massachusetts, and Dinwiddie, of Virginia. The former was a nimble-minded, energetic, capable man of affairs, who had thoroughly identified himself with the interests of the colo-

nies, and had served on the boundary commission of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. The latter was a shrewd, blunt Scotchman, a deputy of Lord Albemarle's, the titular Governor, whose agreeable manners, Lord Chesterfield tells his son with admiration, were the sole reason of his being the greatest sinecurist of his day. It was as well the homely Scotchman, though the Virginians did not like him, stood in the shoes of his exquisite employer, for he was a faithful and alert watchdog over British interests, while Americans should be for ever grateful to him for giving Washington his first opportunity.

The lesson of De Céloron's expedi-

tion of five years previously had been apparently lost on the colonies, since officially they had done absolutely nothing to resent his claims. Traders continued to cross the Alleghanies,\* while two

land companies, in Pennsylvania and Virginia respectively, had acquired grants in the disputed territory upon certain conditions, and had gone so far as to send well-known frontiersmen to locate them. No thoughts of the French, however, seem to have disturbed these sanguine speculators, nor had any steps been taken to resist them. A good deal of quarrelling had taken place between the rival companies, whose pioneers in the woods had so traduced each other that the Indians beheld the English not only unprepared for war, but ap-

AUTOGRAPH OF MARQUIS DUQUESNE DE MENEVAL,  
WHO SUCCEEDED DE LA JONQUIÈRE AS  
GOVERNOR OF CANADA IN 1752  
FROM WINSOR'S HISTORY OF AMERICA

\* The Alleghany chain is of considerable, though varying width. Its altitude lies between 2,000 and 6,500 feet, increasing as it travels south. Its highest points are in the West of Virginia and North Carolina.

parently at loggerheads among themselves. Moreover, it was quite evident to them that the French were right, and that it was land the British were after, not Indian friendship and trade. The more friendly Indians begged these emissaries of the two companies to build forts at once, but their principals on the seaboard, with characteristic and persistent blindness to the French movements, disregarding all warnings, gave no heed to the advice.

The Governors of some of the colonies, however, and in particular the two already indicated, were keenly alive to this activity of the French on the Ohio, and despatched upon their own account special envoys. But from the very fact of these being the emissaries of the Governor and not of the colony, the legislatures paid no regard to the significant tidings they brought back. For at this time, as at most, almost every colonial Assembly had some special quarrel, usually one of a trumpety nature, with its Governor. But however trifling was the particular question in dispute, it was that of the hour, the topic of the tavern and the coffee house, the planter's verandah, the farmer's kitchen, and it loomed much larger in the local mind than fantastic theories of remote French enterprise which might possibly be ripe for consideration when their children's children stood in their shoes.

New York and New England were more enlightened, but the former at least had some excuse for declining further obligations, since she had the Six Nations on her flanks to keep in humour, and had, moreover, to protect the route to Oswego on Lake Ontario, the only English post upon the northern lakes and a continual irritant to France.

The French were greatly encouraged by the sight of such indifference. It almost seemed as if the English were content with their seaboard territories, and were really inclined to give their rivals a free hand behind the mountains. So by slow steps they crept onwards down the feeders of the Ohio. By stealthy methods—the expulsion of

English traders, the punishment of unfriendly Indians, the assumption of supreme control—they worked upon the imagination of the savages, who, seeing such vigorous conduct neither resented nor resisted, began to regard the French as the rising, the English as the declining power. English interests beyond the Alleghanies were wholly represented by individual traders, for whom it must be said that they had often gained, not less by their courage and ability than by the cheapness of their goods, great influence



FRENCH SOLDIER, 1755  
THE COAT IS BLUE, FACED WITH RED

over the Indians. But they were, after all, mere private adventurers, and few in number, while the French, who were now showing their teeth so unmistakably, had the evident backing of their Government behind them. There was nothing the Indian respected more than an energetic show of force, except the actual use of it, and those tribes who were friendly to England were now sadly depressed, and fully believed that her power was on the wane.

The desire of the French Government to support their Canadian depu-



ties was undoubtedly somewhat damped by suspicion of the motives that animated some of these forward patriots. It was not the legitimate ambition of the capitalist for new fields that they scented in these leading colonists, and that gave them pause, but the official speculation that in every fresh expedition saw another opening for illicit gain. Bigot, the last and most notable Intendant of Canada, led the gang, and made scarcely concealed mockery of those of his nominees who failed sufficiently to profit by his patronage. But side by side with this system of unblushing robbery, which stunted and impoverished the colony, went a great measure of patriotism, considerable military ability, and a mortal hatred and jealousy of the English. Duquesne wrote home to his Government that the country "was full of rascals," but it was also full of soldiers.

Dinwiddie, the shrewd Scotch Governor of Virginia, was the first to move, and this he could only do by way of protest, since he had no forces worth mentioning and no money to pay the handful that he had. It is a strange coincidence that the agent he selected for the business—the first British soldier, in fact, who went out formally to proclaim King George's title to the West—should have been George Washington. The young Virginian was at this time only twenty-one, a major in the colonial service and adjutant-general of the Virginia militia. In the opinion of Dinwiddie, an opinion which did him credit, there was no one in the colony so well qualified to perform a mission of danger, delicacy and hardship. Washington's antecedents and career are so generally familiar, one hesitates to linger over them. But as they will certainly not be fresh in the mind of many readers, it may be well to recall the fact that he was the great-grandson of the son of a Northamptonshire squire who had settled in Virginia in the preceding century. George was the eldest of several brothers by his father's second wife, but had no patrimony worth

mentioning. The eldest of his half-brothers, however, Laurence Washington, who had a considerable estate, practically adopted him. Laurence had commanded some Virginia volunteers in the disastrous campaign against Carthagera, and had afterwards married into the Fairfax family, who had large interests in the colony, and finally settled down on his property on the Potomac, calling it Mount Vernon after the "hero of Portobello." His wife soon died, leaving only a daughter, and he himself, having contracted the seeds of disease in the deadly South American campaign, succumbed in 1752, leaving George guardian to the child and heir to the estate in the event of her death, which happened no long time afterwards. The great Virginian's boyhood, till he began soldiering, had been largely spent in surveying the vast tracts on the eastern slopes of the Alleghanies, which belonged to the Fairfax family—a life which threw him among Indians, rough backwoodsmen, and all the perils of border life at an age when his contemporaries were leading the semi-English life which distinguished the eastern counties of Virginia, or were at school in England, at Eton or Westminster. He constantly enjoyed, however, and greatly to his profit, the society of the old Lord Fairfax, scholar, courtier, soldier, who for a strange whim had secluded himself at his lodge of Greenaway Court amid the noble forests which then covered the Shenandoah Valley. Washington was at this time a tall, stalwart, long-limbed, long-headed, courageous, self-contained youth, who was equally at home in the woods or in the drawing-room, and had even seen something of the outer world, having travelled in the West Indies with his invalid brother. He took keenly to soldiering from the first, and was well equipped by habit and experience for both frontier warfare and frontier diplomacy. A European Dutch soldier named Van Braam, who had lived at Mount Vernon as half friend, half fencing master, and could speak French, was associated with Washington in this enterprise. So

also was Gist, the most famous of frontiersmen, together with four or five other white men, and as many Indians. Their mission was to march through the woods from the Potomac River to the new French fort of Le Bœuf, only twenty miles south of Lake Erie, no mean performance in the year 1753! The chill rains of late autumn fell ceaselessly upon the small party as they pushed their way through the dripping forests, and it was December before they reached the nearer station of the French at Venango. Here an officer named Joncaire commanded, having seized an English trading-house and hoisted above it the French flag. Washington kept a journal of the whole expedition, and tells us how he dined here with the French officers, who, when flushed with wine, declared that, though the English were in a great majority, their movements were too slow, and for their own part they intended to take the Ohio Valley, and, "by G—d, to keep it." They did their best to entice away Washington's Indians, but with great difficulty he managed to get off with his party intact, and in a short time arrived at Fort Le Bœuf, the end of his journey, where Le Gardeur de St. Pierre commanded. To him he delivered Dinwiddie's despatch, expressing much surprise that the French should have built forts on what was notoriously British territory, and demanded by whose authority it was done. The note went on to express a hope that the French officer would retire immediately, and so maintain the harmony now existing between the two nations. St. Pierre was extremely polite to Washington, but wrote firmly, though civilly, to Dinwiddie that he should certainly stay where he was till ordered by his superior officer to retire. The same attempt to alienate the Indian escort was made here as at Venango, but without avail. The return-journey, as told in Washington's simple, matter-of-fact journal, is in itself quite a thrilling story of adventure. In order to save time he left Van Braam with the horses and servants to

come on at leisure, and wrapping himself in an Indian match coat, with a pack on his back, rifle in hand, and Gist as his sole companion, the young Virginian, bearing the first formal note of defiance from France to England, prepared to face the perils of the return journey. It was now January, the dead of winter, and some four hundred miles of a pathless and mostly



FRENCH SOLDIER, 1755

THE COAT IS STEEL GRAY, TRIMMED WITH BLUE AND ORANGE

rugged wilderness, riven with torrents and densely clad with forests, had to be traversed. The season alternated between fierce frosts and dripping thaws. The Indians might be encountered at any moment, and their temper in these regions had by French intrigue become most uncertain. One of them, as a matter of fact, actually did hide in a thicket not fifteen paces from the trail, and fired point-blank at Washington,

but happily without effect. They caught the culprit, tied his arms and marched him before them for a whole day, lest he should bring his friends in force upon their track. Expecting to cross the Alleghany River on a frozen surface, they found it full of loose blocks of floating ice. Making a raft with their "one poor hatchet," they then embarked in the gloom of a winter's evening on the formidable passage. In mid-channel Washington was knocked off the raft by a block of ice into the freezing flood, and the two men had eventually to spend the night upon an island, their clothing frozen stiff upon them. Gist had all his fingers and some of his toes frost-bitten. Pushing on, however, through grey forests, on whose leafless boughs the drip of the day became icicles by night, and encountering now a straggling band of Indians, now a horrid spectacle of scalped corpses, half worried by wolves or hogs, they arrived on the borders of inhabited Virginia. Here Washington procured fresh horses and fresh clothes, and rode on with his letter to Dinwiddie at Williamsburg, having been absent just three months.

The latter had ere this received permission from the English Government to oppose force by force, and to erect, on his part, forts upon the Ohio, at the expense of the colonial Governments. The officials of both nations were now committed to an armed occupation of the same country—a proceeding which could have but one result. But the French were ready with men and money, and strong in a united purpose. Dinwiddie, on the other hand, could do nothing with the colonial legislatures. His own were squabbling with him about the precise amount of a royalty on land patents, in a territory that was in the act of slipping from their grasp, and made a concession on this point, which the Governor could not legally grant, the condition of defending their own interests against the common foe. The Germans of Pennsylvania would not stir. To these people in their ignorance one Govern-

ment, so long as it was not the European tyranny they had escaped from, would do as well as another. The Quakers were against all war on principle, and had found their scruples profitable, since the colonies around them, while protecting themselves, virtually protected Pennsylvania. Maryland, which had no such excuses, was almost equally backward, one of the reasons being, according to their Governor, Sharpe, that no men of means, position and intelligence, would belong to the legislature, which was certainly not the case in Virginia. Dinwiddie now begged New York and Massachusetts to make a feint against the French on their borders, and distract their attention from the Ohio. Two independent companies from New York and South Carolina, maintained by the Crown, were placed under Dinwiddie's orders, and his own legislature at last voted £10,000 for the defence of their own frontier. Virginia, too, possessed a regiment of some 300 men, mostly raw recruits, of which a Colonel Fry, an Oxford M.A., was in command, with Washington as its major. With this formidable host the excellent Dinwiddie prepared to dispute with France, as best he could, the Empire of the West.

It was now the early spring of 1754. Forty backwoodsmen under an Ensign Ward were sent across the Alleghanies to erect a fort at a place previously selected by Washington, where the two large streams of the Alleghany and Monongahela meet to form the Ohio—a spot to become famous enough in the succeeding years, and in another sense still more famous now.\* But armed Frenchmen, soldiers and Canadian voyageurs had been steadily pouring into the Alleghany back country during the past few months; and Le Contrecoeur, at the head of 500 men, very soon tumbled Ward and his rustic engineers back into the English settlements.

Dinwiddie still for the moment the only active champion of British interests, and being now in funds, mus-

\*Pittsburg may be called "the Birmingham of America."

tered his raw Virginian regiment and sent them forward to Wills Creek on the Potomac, where an English trading station marked the limit at which the feeble outposts of settlement gave way to the gloom of unbroken forests. The weak companies from South Carolina and New York were to follow with such speed as they could make.

Fry remained at Wills Creek with half the Virginians, while Washington with the remainder struck out into the wilderness, the ultimate object of the British attack being the fort which the French were said to be building at the beforementioned forks of the Ohio, and had already named after their Governor, Duquesne. Washington and his 150 men slowly pushed their way north-westward, cutting roads over the lofty forest-clad ridges of the Alleghanies for their guns and pack-trains. They had covered sixty miles, nearly half the march, and had arrived at an oasis in the mountain wilderness, where stood a trading station, known as "The Great Meadows," when word was brought that a French detachment was advancing from the new fort Duquesne to clear the English out of the country. Taking forty of his men with him, Washington groped his way through the whole of a pitch-dark and soaking night to the quarters of the "Half King," a friendly Indian chief, who had formed one of his party in the diplomatic mission of the previous year. The Indian had some news to give of an advanced scouting party of the French, supposed to be lurking in the neighbourhood, and with some of his people joined Washington at daylight in an attempt to track them. In this they succeeded, and surprised the French lying in a ravine, who, on being discovered, all sprang to their feet, rifle in hand. Washington promptly gave the order to fire. A volley was given and returned. Coulon de Jumonville, the ensign who commanded the French, was shot dead, and a few of his men killed and wounded, while the remaining twenty-one were taken prisoners. The killing of Jumonville

raised a great commotion, not only in the colonies, but in Europe. "It was the volley fired by a young Virginian in the backwoods of America," says Horace Walpole, "that set the world on fire." It was pretended by the French that Jumonville was on a quasi-diplomatic errand, and the bearer of a letter merely ordering the English to retire. It was quite true he had on his person a letter authorizing him to expel any English he found in his path, but an unfounded report was circulated by the French that he jumped up and waved this letter towards Washington as a sign of peaceful intentions, and that, in fact, he was treacherously shot. An effort was made, in short, to brand Washington as an assassin, and not without success among the French. If the incident had occurred to-day, there is reason to fear that some Englishmen, too, would have jumped to that conclusion with ready instinct, and stuck to it, for the simple reason that Washington was a Briton and Jumonville was not. It is equally certain that the policy which eventually made North America Anglo-Saxon, free and prosperous, would have been as loudly opposed by the same type of patriot, on the principle that, as neither nation's claim was worth anything, that of the foreigner was most worthy of support. Apathy, it is true, very nearly accomplished what the perverted sentimentalism of some and the less creditable motives of others would now demand under similar conditions; but apathy is, after all, quite another matter, though at this crisis of the nation, or to be more accurate, of the Anglo-Saxon race, it came very near to signifying incalculable disaster.

Jumonville and his men, it transpired, had been lying concealed for two days in the neighbourhood of Washington's superior force—scarcely the natural method of procedure for a peaceful convoy! De Contrecoeur, commanding the main force of some 500 men, was advancing in the rear, and his scouting subaltern, who, as a matter of fact, had sent messengers to hurry him up, was simply waiting for

his arrival to overwhelm the small British detachment.

Washington, after this, retired to the Great Meadows, where his second battalion, though without their colonel, who had died, now arrived, together with the South Carolina company, consisting of fifty so-called regulars, raised in the colony but paid by the Crown. The young Virginian was now in command of 350 men, but the Carolina captain, being in some sort a king's officer, refused to take orders from him as a provincial, admirably illustrating one of the many difficulties which then hampered military action in the colonies. His men assumed similar airs, and would lend no hand in road-making, carrying packs or hauling guns. So Washington laboured on with his Virginians, seeking for some good defensive point at which to receive the attack of the large force he heard was advancing against him. After much labour it was decided to return again to the Great Meadows, and there entrench themselves as best they could. It was not a good situation, but Virginians and Carolinians, reconciled by their common danger, now united in throwing up a rough entrenchment surrounded by log breastworks and a dry ditch.

It was now the middle of June. De Jumonville's brother, Coulon de Villiers, on hearing of his death in Canada, had hurried southward with a strong band of Indians, burning for revenge. There were already 1,400 men at Fort Duquesne, seventy miles from the Great Meadows, and De Villiers arrived just in time to take part in the fresh expedition setting out against Washington. It was intended that if the British could not be caught in the disputed territory, they were to be followed into Pennsylvania and there attacked. But Washington had no intention of retreating, or, to be more precise, his men and horses were in such a weak condition that he was unable to.

So he drew up his force outside the poor entrenchments, which he had

aptly called Fort Necessity, and seems to have had some vague idea of encountering the French in the open. But when at eleven o'clock some eight or nine hundred of the enemy, including Indians, emerged from the woods, it soon became evident that, with such excellent cover as nature afforded in the overhanging hills, they were not going to take the superfluous risks of a frontal attack.

The British thereupon withdrew inside their works, and the French riflemen scattered among the wooded ridges that so fatally commanded them. A musketry duel then commenced and continued for nine hours, while a heavy rain fell incessantly. Washington's guns were almost useless, for they were so exposed that the loss of life in serving them was far greater than any damage they could inflict on the enemy. The men were up to their knees in water and mud; their bread had been long exhausted, and they were reduced to a meat diet, and a very poor one at that. This ragged regiment, in home-spun and hunting shirts, half-starved, soaked to the skin, and with ammunition failing, not from expenditure only, but from wet, fought stubbornly throughout the day. From time to time the very force of the rain caused a lull in the combat, the opposing forces being hidden from one another by sheets of falling water.

The French, as the day waned, proposed a capitulation, which Washington refused. But his ammunition at length gave out entirely, and as the gloomy light of the June evening began to fade, a fresh proposal to send an envoy to discuss terms was accepted. The indispensable Van Braam, as the only one of the British force who could speak French, was sent to negotiate. Nearly a hundred men of the defending force lay killed or wounded, while the French loss, though not so great, turned out to be considerable. The terms offered, after a little discussion, were at length accepted, and were honourable enough; namely, that the garrison were to march out with the honours of war, carrying their



effects and one gun with them. The French were indeed in no position to take or maintain prisoners. Moreover, the fiction of peace between the two nations had to be taken into some sort of account.

Now in the articles of capitulation the phrase "*l'assassinat de Jumonville*" appeared. Van Braam read a translation of them aloud to Washington and his officers, and either from an imperfect knowledge of the language, or quite possibly from a desire to cause no hitch in the extremely uncomfortable situation, rendered the obnoxious phrase in a different fashion, translating it "the killing or death of Jumonville."

The articles were read in English and signed in the darkness and rain by the light of a sputtering tallow dip, and Washington's signature innocently affixed to the statement that he was practically a murderer. One can well believe that this apparent confession was a cause of much joy and triumph to the French, both among those who knew the real facts and those who did not. One does not hear of any Englishmen who rejoiced at this documentary evidence. Washington and his soldiers indignantly denied the monstrous story that Jumonville was a peaceful envoy, and were sufficiently exasperated at the trick played in the translation. Their word was good enough in those days for their countrymen, both in England and America.

The French prisoners who had been taken in the Jumonville affair were to be sent back, while, as hostages for the undertaking, the inaccurate Van Braam and a Scotchman named Robert Stobo, who will turn up again in another place at a much later period in this story, were retained by the French.

The fifty-mile return march over the mountains to Wills Creek was a pitiful business. The wounded had to be carried on the backs of their weakened, travel-worn comrades, for the Indians,

threatening and noisy, were with difficulty prevented from a general onslaught and, as it was, killed all the horses and destroyed the medicine chests. It was a sorry band that struggled back with Washington across the Alleghanies, but a rough track that a year hence was to be beaten wider by the tramp of British infantry marching to a fate far more calamitous. They were for the most part poor men, the waifs and strays of Southern life, fighting and toiling and starving for eightpence a day. Both they and their young leader, now full enough, we may be sure, of gloomy thoughts, had done their duty, to the best of their knowledge and experience, against trained soldiers, and most certainly with valour. If they had left the French triumphant in the West, and the prestige of Britain in a woeful plight, it was at least no fault of theirs.

On arriving at Wills Creek they heard that the North Carolina regiment, who had been ordered to support them, had mutinied on the way, while the New York contingent were still labouring southward with a tribe of women and children and no equipment for a campaign!

The fight at the Great Meadows was in itself a small affair, but its effect was prodigious. Judged by modern ethics, it seems incredible that formal peace between France and England should remain undisturbed by such proceedings; but we shall see that the peace outlasted events far more critical, owing to the desire of France to get more forward in her preparations before the coming struggle actually opened, and to the apathy reigning in the councils of England. But, peace or war, the great conflict had begun, and the incapacity of the colonies to help themselves had been so fully demonstrated as to turn men's minds across the sea as to the only quarter from which efficient help could be expected.

TO BE CONTINUED

## THE FROSTED PANE

By BRADFORD K. DANIELS

**I**T'S no use, Annie; luck's never comin' my way."

"But, Jake, if you only wouldn't get discouraged so easy!"

"So you're turnin' against me too. Well, I don't blame you much."

"Why, Jake!" And the girl moved a little nearer to her companion and took his big brown hand.

The man submitted passively to the caress, and stared moodily across the stumps and blackened potato-vines to the green wall of the forest beyond. "And they was doin' so fine!" he said, more to himself than to the girl. "I don't see why God—or the Devil—had to send a June frost and kill 'em all."

"You mustn't talk like that, Jake! It isn't right. We can wait another year."

"Wait another year!" Jake repeated in a disgusted tone. "Haven't we been waitin' 'another year' for the last twelve years? Don't I know that your father an' mother don't want me round any more, an' don't I see the neighbours grin, an' hear 'em say, 'There goes Jake an' Annie!' Don't I know that the youngsters call us 'grandpa' and 'grandma' at the parties, an' invite us just because they think they ought to? There's no place for us among the married folks either. Anybody'd think it was a crime not to get married!"

Jake stopped and scowled at a tuft of sorrel that had sprung up between the roots of a rock-maple stump, and in the stillness a blue jay called "pwil-hilly, pwil-hilly," from the top of a white birch across the clearing. His companion still held the big brown hand, and, glancing wistfully at the dark face with its drooping moustache, sighed unnoticed. They sat upon a squared piece of timber which Jake had hewn the previous autumn for a sill for their new house. Part of the stones for the

cellar wall lay strewn about the place. The loss of the potato crop had once more plunged Jake into despair, and he had no heart to go on with the building.

"I know it's hard, Jake; but we've kind of got used to waiting. It wasn't your fault when the freshet came and the boom broke, and you lost the logs that had cost you five years' savings. And I'm sure anybody would have lent money to Henry Davidson—until he failed."

"If we'd only taken the money and started a house!"

"I know, dear; but we wanted to start housekeeping in too much style then. I feel quite different about it now. I wouldn't mind a log hut here, if we could only be together."

Jake gulped down a lump that was rising in his throat, and took one of the little hands tenderly between his own. "You're wonderful brave, Annie, to throw away your life on the likes o' me, when you might have had the pick of the settlement."

"Why, Jake, how can you! You don't know how it hurts when you talk like that. It's sacrilege."

"Perhaps it is, little one; but you'd a' made a home so temptin' like."

"Don't, Jake! Please don't!" And Annie made a brave effort to keep back the tears.

One splashed down on the back of Jake's hand. He looked at it absently for a moment. "An' you was a red-cheeked girl an' I was only a striplin' when we begun talkin' about gettin' married, an' now we'll soon be old folks."

"Do you think I look old?" asked Annie, anxiously.

Jake regarded her so long before he spoke that she grew embarrassed under his scrutiny. "You've lost your roses, Annie, and you don't laugh any more just for the sake of laughin', but you're purtier than you was ten years ago. I

know it, for I was lookin' last night at that tintype we had taken the first time I took you to camp meetin'."

"Nonsense, Jake! I'm a prim old maid that nobody thinks good-looking but you."

"Don't they, though? What about Frank Boreham?"

"Oh, that conceited Englishman! He only wants to be friendly. Listen, Jake. You know how much we want to be together, dear. Won't you sow the burnt-land with buckwheat—it will bring a big crop, and put up a log house and barn? We'll be so happy, Jake, if you only will."

For a moment Jake reflected, and then exclaimed: "I'll begin to-morrow. I don't care what people say! I'd as good as sold the oxen to Hen Simpson, but I won't let 'em go now."

Frank Boreham had come out to Canada from England a year previous, and it was soon evident to the settlers of Birch Hill that he was a man of means. He built a fine two-storey house of brick, shingled and white-washed his barn, painted the doors and windows red, and then added a root-cellar. He brought with him a dog-cart—a great curiosity to his neighbours, a covered carriage, and a span of beautiful black roadsters whose coats were kept shining like silk. At first the settlers had regarded this fine stranger as proud and "stuck up" as he went dashing along the road guiding his spirited pair, and had held aloof from his proffered friendship. Frank had cheerfully ignored the many little rebuffs and insults to which he was subjected, until one night at a corn husking "Lish" Carter, the bully of the place, had thrown an ear of corn at him which struck him in the face. When he had finished with Carter, and the great loose-jointed ruffian lay blubbering among the corn husks, he had won the heart of every man and boy at the husking. And as they all sat about the table in the big kitchen an hour later and enjoyed the many good things which are the reward of the husker, Frank was the centre of attraction, not only for the buxom girls who waited on

the table, but even for the old men, who began to unbend by asking him questions about his crops.

"Come over an' see my mangel-wurzels, Mr. Boreham; I'll wager you haven't got anything to beat 'em," said old David Muir, Annie's father. "I didn't put any of your new-fangled fertilizers under 'em, either—just the scrapin's from the barnyard."

"Thank you. I've been thinking about coming over for some time to see how your stanchions work. I don't like mine; the cattle can't turn their heads to scratch themselves."

"That Englishman's a fine sort of chap," said farmer Muir at breakfast the next morning. "Not a bit like we all thought he was. He's comin' over this afternoon to look at my mangel-wurzels, and I want you to ask him to stay to tea, mother. Did you ever talk to him, Annie? He's fond of books, just like you, an' he offered to lend me one tellin' all about bee-keepin'."

Frank Boreham came and stayed to tea, and as he walked home that night he finally made up his mind upon a subject which he had been debating for months. "I'll do it!" he exclaimed suddenly, throwing out his big chest and regarding the venture with his usual optimism. "I'll carry her off by storm, and leave that slow-witted clown that's always moping about in her shadow wondering how it was done."

Soon the settlement was buzzing with the news that Frank Boreham was "courting" Annie Muir. A Canadian would have bent all his energies toward winning the girl, but Frank began with her parents. David Muir and his wife were growing old, and it was the great desire of their hearts to see their only child married and comfortably settled. Although they liked Jake, they had come to doubt his ability to provide a home for Annie, and did all in their power to encourage Frank Boreham's suit. Frank suddenly discovered that he knew very little about farming, and found numerous pretexts on which to consult David Muir. He always brought with him an atmosphere

of sunshine, and his big jolly laugh was so contagious that the old man declared him to be the finest young man in the township.

Jake, with the instinct of the lover, understood Boreham's actions perfectly, but his sullen, secretive nature would not permit him to unburden his mind to Annie. She, fearing that anything she could say might be misunderstood, kept silence, and the Englishman was never mentioned between them.

In December Frank Boreham gave a party to which all the young people of the settlement were invited. "Frank," as everybody called him, was a great favourite, and played "Blind Man's Buff," and "Jacob and Rachel" with the zest of a school-boy. When the time for refreshment arrived, however, he unwittingly spread consternation among the young men by making arrangements for them to take the young ladies out to the dining-room.

"Gee! I never heard of such a thing 'cept in novels," remarked one young rustic. "Which arm do you give 'em, anyhow?"

"Look there!" exclaimed his companion. "He's making Jake Winchester take out Kitty Perkins, an' not half the fellows have got their own girls."

"I wonder what Annie will say to that!"

"Why, he's got her himself!" was the astonished reply, as Frank led the way to the dining-room with Annie upon his arm.

That night as they walked home through the frosty moonlight, Jake and Annie had their first quarrel. "You might have some regard for a fellow's feelin's," Jake went on. "There was all them kids grinnin' at me while he was crackin' nuts for you and smilin' down at you just as if you belonged to him."

"But what was I to do, Jake, dear? I couldn't be rude and not answer him," replied Annie in tones of distress.

"Rude!" sneered Jake. "Because he's the first man that ever looked at

you, except me, your head is clean turned."

At this insult Annie flounced into the house in a passion, leaving her lover to cool off and repent at his leisure.

By the next afternoon, however, Annie began to be afraid of what she had done. What if Jake, in one of his dark moods, should stop work upon the little house in the clearing and disappear as he had done when Henry Davidson failed? With shaking hands she put on her hat and jacket and started across the frozen fields in the direction of Jake's wood-lot. As she approached the clearing she strained her ears for the sound of axe or saw, but the woods were silent, save for the harsh "quank, quank, quank" of a nuthatch that scurried up and down the trunk of a dead hemlock.

When she reached the half-finished house she found it deserted. The crude fireplace of stones before the door on which Jake had boiled his tea and warmed his dinners was cold, and the door to the log stable stood open and the oxen were gone. She had paid many visits to the house during its construction, and she and Jake had thought out every little detail as carefully as though they were building a mansion. Stepping over the unfinished sill, she entered the room which was to be their bedroom. Jake had carefully stuffed the cracks between the logs with moss, and in one corner was a crude bed of fir boughs, where he had slept that he might be near his work.

"Oh Jake, Jake, how could you?" she cried, "when we were just getting ready to be happy." And, throwing herself upon the boughs, she gave way to a tempest of grief. The sun sank behind the forest, and partridges sailed noiselessly into the yellow birches for their supper of buds, but still Annie lay in the corner of what was to have been her bedroom, a huddled heap of misery.

Saturday night brought the first snowfall of the season, and when Annie looked from her window Sunday morning the ground was white. That evening she made a fire early in the parlour and, as night settled down, looked

many times through a spot on the west window which the frost had not invaded, hoping against hope that Jake would make his usual Sunday night visit. At last she heard him stamping the snow from his Arctic overshoes on the front door-step, and, throwing open the door to welcome him, she lifted her radiant face to—Frank Boreham's!

Instead of two occupying the parlour as Annie had planned, her father and mother were asked to join them, and a wretched evening it was. Once, during an awkward pause in the conversation, Annie thought she heard the creaking of the crisp snow under the window. Later, when her visitor had gone, she went cautiously out and found footprints in front of the frosted pane through which she had watched for her lover at nightfall.

All that week Annie waited for some word from Jake, but none came. She was ashamed to inquire about him, and too proud to send for him. Then her father came in one evening from Ezra Hicks' store with the news that Jake had joined Mitchell's lumber camp fifty miles up the river.

Sunday afternoon Annie was walking from church lost in thought, when she was suddenly roused from her sad reverie by the jingle of sleigh-bells. The next moment Frank Boreham reined up his coal-black horses by her side, and, doffing his big fur cap, asked her if he might have the pleasure of driving her home.

"Oh, you startled me so!" she exclaimed. And, finding no excuse for refusing such a customary courtesy, she allowed herself to be assisted into the sleigh between two robes of grey wolfskin.

Frank smiled complacently at what he regarded as a feminine ruse to conceal her pleasure, and soon they were speeding across the expanse of dazzling white, the young man being so tully occupied with the mettlesome horses that he could talk to his companion only in broken sentences. Annie shielded her cheek with her muff from the pieces of snow which were thrown

from the horses' feet, and replied in monosyllables.

That night Annie went to bed feeling supremely miserable. She could not blind herself to the fact that Frank Boreham was interested in her in a way which could not be misunderstood, and yet it seemed a desecration to her sacred relations with Jake to harbour such a thought even for a moment. But why had Jake gone away without a word and left her to fight the battle alone? In her trouble she reproached him bitterly.

As the days went by and the young Englishman's attentions became more marked, all Annie's friends seemed bent upon her marrying him. The Rev. Nathan Morse persuaded Frank to join the church choir. One Saturday night, when Annie entered the vestry and saw her suitor talking with the minister, she was tempted to run away; but the parson quickly brought Frank forward, and, rubbing his hands together complacently, said:

"Now you need not walk home through the snow from practice, Miss Muir. I'm sure Mr. Boreham will be delighted to take you in his sleigh."

For a moment Annie's face flushed with anger, and Frank, seeing the rich colour which spread to her throat and forehead, thought she blushed from shyness, and took heart.

Then there were "Bean Socials" for the benefit of the church, and skating parties, and sleighing excursions, at all of which matters were so skilfully arranged by her friends that Annie could find no excuse for refusing Frank Boreham's company. Indeed, while she was within the sound of his big hearty voice she was not so unhappy; but at night when he had gone, and she contrasted the evenings with those spent with Jake, her heart cried out against it all, and she resolved to rebel against the schemes of those who would wreck her life's happiness. But the next morning always found her not quite ready to begin the fight.

By the middle of February Annie felt the coils from which she was powerless to escape steadily tightening



about her, and in a fit of despair she wrote to Jake, begging him to come to her rescue. She knew that the letter would reach Mitchell's camp in four days, and surely he would come by the last of the month.

But the days slipped by and there was no word from her lover. Then at last the thing which she had been dreading, and striving to avert, came to pass.

"Perhaps you don't care much for me now, Annie; but you will grow to love me after we are married and settled down," Frank said, as his span of blacks walked up the long, star-lit slope toward Annie's home.

"No," she answered, quietly; "I never shall."

"But you won't say 'No.' Think how your father and mother have set their hearts on the match."

Then the girl saw her life with the disappointed parents stretching away before her, without even the weekly visits of Jake to look forward to, and her courage failed.

"Give me another week to think it over," she said, finally, trying to gain time for Jake to arrive upon the scene.

At the end of a week Frank Boreham called for his answer, and Annie, in a burst of tears that he could not understand, consented to marry him. Jake had failed her in the hour of her greatest need.

The date of the wedding was fixed for the last of March; and for the next few weeks Annie drugged her thoughts with work. Indeed, everybody was so happy over her good fortune that at times she almost deluded herself into the thought that her life would become bearable in time.

It was late April, and Annie was settled in her new home. She was standing on the verandah of the porch in the soft spring air feeding the fowls, when a neighbour who had been to the post-office brought her the mail.

"I guess this is for you, all right enough," he remarked, as he handed her an official-looking envelope. "It's addressed to 'The Maples,' 'Birch Hill,' but it's only got your first name on it."

Annie took the letter and entered the house. "Her Majesty's Service" was printed across the top of the envelope, and it bore the Ottawa postmark. Opening it, she found the letter she had written to Jake, begging him to come and save her. She had signed only her first name. It had never reached him, and finally it had been forwarded to the dead-letter office.

That evening, when Frank returned from the field, he found Annie lying ill.

"Generally run down," old Doctor Nichols pronounced Annie's case; and, when at last she was able to ride out behind the span of blacks, autumn had set in.

One day Frank took his wife for a much longer drive than usual and, as they dashed round a bend in a woodland road, they came face to face with Jake Winchester, who was teaming a yoke of oxen. Annie gave a little cry, but there was no word of recognition as Jake whipped up the slow-moving cattle to make room for the carriage.

"That *was* a close shave!" Frank remarked as they passed on round the bend of the road. "I don't wonder you screamed. By the way, that was your old friend, Jake Winchester. He has got some crazy idea into his head about building a grist-mill up here on the river. It's a good spot for a grist-mill, all right enough; but it will take a little common sense to make it pay."

Annie made no reply, and as usual Frank did all the talking for the remainder of the drive.

Jake Winchester toiled at the grist-mill early and late, and by the time that the farmers had threshed their grain it was ready for work. Part of the building was fitted up as a dwelling, and here Jake kept "bachelor's hall." It seemed as though the man's luck had turned at last. The crop of grain was exceptionally large, and the mill was kept running all day, and often far into the night.

Then it began to be whispered about that Jake was "acting queer." He had always been quiet in his manner, but now he talked excitedly to himself, and would often stand for ten minutes

at a time gazing into the hopper, when he would suddenly come back to his surroundings with a short, hard laugh.

As autumn wore on, first one and then another settler declared that he heard someone shooting in the night in the direction of Jake's mill. Nobody paid much attention to these stories, however, until one evening a boy, who was returning home late from a back clearing, was startled when opposite Jake's mill by the report of a gun and the sound of falling glass. The lad's story aroused the curiosity of the settlement, and one night a dozen men surrounded the mill to see if they could solve the mystery. All was still until the moon rose and shone upon the rude structure; then there was a report, followed by the same sound of falling glass which the boy had described.

The men knocked at the door, and presently Jake appeared, gun in hand.

"What you up to, Jake?" asked Dan Porter, the spokesman of the band. "Tryin' to shoot the moon?"

"Hush!" said Jake in a whisper. "It'll be here again in a minute. I've filled it as full o' shot as a dog is full 'f fleas, but when the moon rises it comes back just the same."

"What comes back?" asked the bewildered Dan.

"Why, 'it'," said Jake in awestruck tones. "Come an' see where I've tried to shoot it."

The men followed Jake into his bedroom, and a strange sight met their eyes. The walls were honeycombed with shot, where he had been blazing away at the creature of his imagination.

"You see them apples over there?" he asked, pointing to a basket of fruit.

"Well, it gets into them sometimes, an' I try my best to drown it, but it won't die. When I throw the apples into the water they bob up an' down like a lot of imps till they drift into the sluice. See! There it is now!" And Jake levelled his musket and fired at a patch of moonlight on the wall.

Insanity was such a rare thing among the frontiersmen that nobody knew just what to do with Jake. In the end, it was decided that he was harmless,

and the farmers continued to bring him their grists. He did his work faithfully, and, beyond the fact of his muttering and his general unkempt appearance, seemed to be rational enough.

At last one December morning a belated farmer took his grist to the mill, but could not find the miller. Entering the part which Jake occupied, he found him tossing upon his bed in a raging fever. He was talking rapidly, at times wildly; but to the farmer, who knew Jake's story, the burden of his thoughts was clearly revealed. It was Annie Muir that in his delirium he was pleading with, chiding, fondling, cursing.

When Doctor Nichols came, he advised that Annie be sent for at once, as the man's only chance of recovery lay in the calming influence which, he felt sure, she would be able to exercise over him.

Annie was away when the messenger came with the doctor's note, and it was evening before she reached the mill. Ushering her into the sick man's presence, her husband and the doctor left the room. Once, when the old physician stepped to the door to see how things were progressing, he heard Annie sobbing as if her heart would break, and Jake saying in his old rational voice:

"It wasn't a square deal, Annie, to throw me over without givin' me another chance."

After a time Frank became so impatient to get off home that the two men entered the sick-room. Annie sat with her hand upon the patient's forehead, and he was sleeping as quietly as a child.

"Well, shall we go home now?" asked Frank.

"You may go," replied Annie, "but I feel it my duty to stay here."

"I really think it is the right thing to do," added Doctor Nichols, before her husband could object.

In a few moments Frank Boreham was guiding his spirited blacks over the frozen road, and Annie was left at the mill. In order to be near at hand in case the delirium should return, she

agreed to lie down in the sick man's apartment, while Doctor Nichols kept watch in the next room.

Toward midnight the physician was roused by a loud report in the sick chamber, and, rushing in, he found Jake sitting up in bed, holding his still smoking musket.

"Hist!" he said, as the doctor sprang forward. "I've shot it at last!" And he pointed across the room to a huddled heap lying under a bright patch of moonlight.

The doctor found Annie insensible, and in half-an-hour she was dead. Evidently she had started to get up when Jake began to stir, and the fatal musket, which in the confusion had not been removed from the head of his bed, was discharged into her breast.

Frank Boreham bore his loss manfully, and did not parade his grief before his neighbours. But his manner

was so altered, and the big hearty laugh dwindled into such a mockery of its former self, that even those who had never quite forgiven him for being well-to-do relented, and treated him with an awkward yet gentle consideration of which only the children of the soil are capable.

Some of the young ladies even began once more to cast longing eyes upon the big house. But one morning in April a stranger was driven over from the nearest railway station, and the next day the news spread through the settlement that Frank Boreham had sold his farm and gone, nobody knew exactly where.

As for Jake Winchester, he recovered from his illness and was sent to an insane asylum. But after a time he was pronounced harmless and allowed to return to his mill, where he continued to grind his neighbours' grain.

## MYSTERY OF JOHN LONG

By JOHN A. COPLAND



SPIDER was tired—dead tired. Spider seldom was tired. That is how he got his name from the boys. He was ever on the alert and ready to jump.

Yet nature can stand only its allowance. The most vivacious have their limit of endurance. Spider had hustled all day on small assignments. At night he took single-handed the Epworth League mass meeting, with instructions from the City Editor to make all he liked of it. Spider willingly could condense it into one "stick," but he knew the City Editor did not mean that. That autocrat had said "as much as you like," not "as little as you like."

There were twelve different speakers at that Epworth League convention, and each spoke so fluently and

so lengthily that the hour was close upon midnight when Spider pulled out and sped for the office of the *Bumper*, much of his copy already prepared. Being, as it claimed, the foremost daily in Canada, the *Bumper* prided itself on never being late; so Spider, although he was weary enough to sleep on a stone pavement, hurried. He irritably wondered why persons persisted in so great exertion while the weather was hot. Down in his longing memory he saw green fields of grain waving in the breeze, and felt himself plunging into the swimming hole of his boyhood. But that was only a flash from the indelibly marked records of days long past and delightfully hoarded.

Spider was a first-class shorthand and a capital condenser. He could make long or short reports at will.

He could condense anything. He was condensing his life. One of the penalties for his doing the work so thoroughly and so very readably was that the City Editor often detailed him alone to do a three-man job, as at present, when the other "boys" were enjoying their hard-earned vacation. Spider's vacation would come in a few days, if he could stand the strain until then. And it would be well-earned.

Spider's copy went off in relays, until finally, at two a.m., he passed in his "30" to the City Editor, and heaved a great sigh of liberty; he yawned and stretched his arms to their full height; he flung himself on the old lounge in the "local" room to take forty winks.

Still on duty, as he was supposed to be, the City Editor told him to listen for the telephone-ring in case the police called. There might be something late come on their blotter.

Spider dreamily listened to the thumping of steel on steel as the City Editor went down the mail-clad stairs. That worthy had not fallen a victim to the rubber-heeled modernity. He believed in making all the noise possible, and so always had steel plates nailed on his heels. Yet his clatter soon dwindled into the silence which distance lends, and Spider was alone with Dan, the telegraph operator, and the ticker. Dan was tilted against the wall, reading. Only for a minute Spider was aware of the monotonous humming of the instrument. Tired brain cells and tensioned nerves relaxed. He slept.

"Spider!"

Still he slept; so Dan got up and shook him.

"Telephone's ringing, Spider."

"Eh?"

"Telephone's ringing."

"Blame the telephone!"

Spider switched down the receiver with a jerk.

"Man shot at a den on Teraulay Street," he vouchsafed to Dan, when he came out of the telephone cabinet. He sent in a call by the City Editor's

private telephone, and told him. The City Editor rang back to the foreman, and told him to get out a special, that Spider had some copy to come.

The foreman knew what that meant, so he sent the paper to press and told the machine men to wait.

Spider was already on Teraulay Street, approaching a disreputable looking two-storey frame house. One family of coloured persons occupied the upper half of the place, and Mrs. Rorey and her two "daughters" lived below. A couple of men, visitors to Mrs. Rorey and her daughters, stood in the way. Spider knew one of the men. They were disinclined to talk, but Spider was not.

"Hello, Chris," he said, "are you watching for the Shooter or the Shoo-tee?"

Chris growled, and at that moment Spider was joined by two other reporters from opposition newspapers.

Ignoring Chris and his companion, the three reporters plunged into the side lane, and climbed the creaking stairs to interview the black family above. Chris and his companion followed them up, and when the door was opened to Spider's rap all five men entered.

Lying sideways in bed were six piccanninies, black as coals, with wooley heads and alarmingly white eyeballs, rolling half in consternation and half in curiosity just above the edge of a dirty white coverlet. Spider thought the sight was picturesque, and said so. Their mother, Mrs. Hays, who had admitted the men to the room, was a sturdy and comely young wench. She began to weep immediately. Spider took no notice of that, but approached the bed and made much of the young sables. That mollified Mrs. Hays. She came and stood beside Spider.

"What is the trouble, Mrs. Hays?" he asked.

Chris's companion warned Mrs. Hays to be careful what she said.

Spider was indignant.

"We are gentlemen, Mrs. Hays," he said, "and whatever you say to us is safe. By what authority are these

strangers here interfering with the rights of the press?"

"By no authority!" came the refrain from the other two reporters; and all three looked menacing.

"Gentlemen, we ask you to retire," said Spider.

They retired. Spider ushered them, closed and locked the door.

Mrs. Hays was weeping again, but soon became calm. She told them that a man who came to visit Mrs. Rorey, downstairs, was drunk, and when Mrs. Rorey refused to admit him he came upstairs and demanded entry to the rooms occupied by the Hays family, swearing and calling them niggers.

"Mistah Hays," said she, "done tol' 'im to go 'way, but he 'lowed he'd brak de doah down. Mistah Hays he wohned him he'd shoot. Den de man began to kick in de panel ob de doah, an' he done got shot nen tumble down de stiaiah."

"Who shot him?" asked Spider.

Mrs. Hays threw her apron over her head and wept copiously, while the black midgets in the bed rolled their eyeballs dreadfully.

"I done shoot," she sobbed.

Astonished silence dropped on the group. Spider spoke:

"And they arrested your husband?"

"Ya-a-a-s o-o-o-o-o-h!"

Gradually Spider got the story. Her husband had said that she was wanted at home to look after the children, so he must take the blame for shooting, and he did. The three reporters agreed to carry out the plan. They separated to go to their several offices.

Yet Spider was running no chances. He went to the Police Station to interview the prisoner. The Sergeant allowed him into the cell. Hays, the noble man of colour, refused to admit that his wife did the shooting.

"I done shoot 'im myself," he maintained.

Spider hurried on his bicycle to the Hospital to talk with the wounded man.

"Who shot you?" he asked.

"I shot meself, begor," said the man.

Here was more mystery. The man clung to and reiterated the fact that he had shot himself.

Spider scorched back to the Police Station and asked the Sergeant where the revolver was found.

"At the foot of the stairs, along with the wounded man," said the Sergeant. "Hays says he opened the door and threw it after him downstairs."

"Was there a bullet hole in the door?"

"Several of them."

"So I saw also; yet they say only one shot was fired?"

"Yes."

Spider felt at sea. How was he to write a lucid story? Time was rushing on. The foreman was waiting impatiently for copy. He felt he must go back and talk with Mrs. Hays. Chris and his companion were there debating with her. Spider asked her to speak to him alone.

"Wait a minute," said Chris.

"Come here, Spider."

He drew Spider aside by the coat sleeve.

"I might as well confess," began Chris, "that I shot that man."

"How many persons did shoot him?" asked Spider, getting exasperated.

"Only one; and that was I," Chris went on. "You see, I could not stand for the fellow insulting persons the way he was, so I went to the foot of the stair and fired up at him."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Spider. "He tells me he shot himself. He says that he felt downhearted because all his friends had gone back on him, and when Hays refused to afford him shelter he gave up and pulled a revolver on himself."

"He is not speaking truth," insisted Chris; "I shot him."

Spider ran down the stairs. At the foot he bumped against Mrs. Rorey.

"O, young man," she began, "I must tell you all. I shot that poor fellow. I was mad at him because he wanted to break in, and when I heard him coming downstairs I just fired."

Spider gasped.



"But they arrested Hays," he expostulated.

"Yes, but they don't know," Mrs. Rorey insisted. "Hays is innocent."

Here was a dilemma. Spider began to run for the office as fast as his bicycle could carry him. As he emerged from the lane he met a policeman.

"Hello, Spider!" exclaimed the officer. "Do not go and blame the wrong person for this shooting. Get it right in the paper. I might as well tell you now that I did the shooting while the man was resisting arrest."

"Heavens! But Hays is in jail for it."

"I know. That is only a blind. The nigger is a friend of mine, and he believes he is doing me a good service. I will not let him suffer for me. Oh, yes, I shot the man."

The policeman walked on, but before Spider could leave he was grasped by the arm by the man who was Chris's companion.

"I heard what the policeman said," he uttered tremblingly. "He is a good man and wants to take the blame, but he must not. I heard the wounded man tusseling on the stairs with him and Chris, and I ran and fired at him, because I heard him say he was going to shoot. That is right. I am guilty."

Spider began to laugh like a maniac. "If I listen to many more," he said, "I shall imagine I shot him myself."

His article in the *Bumper* was headed "A Grist of Maniacs," and told all he knew of the case, with each confession. By the time the special edition was on the streets the city had reawakened to business life. Spider's weariness had worn off in his excitement. He sat at his desk in the local room reading his story over when some person came in and stood by him. He thought it was the Janitor, so did not raise his head at first, but soon he noted that there was no sound and he looked up. Spider was used to startlers, but this apparition astonished him. It was John Long, the shot man. Spider stared, he knew not why.

"Blame no person but me," said

John Long firmly. "I killed myself. I'm dead, so I can take the blame."

And he was gone.

Spider sprang to the telephone and rang up the Hospital.

"How is John Long, the man who was shot last night?" he enquired.

"Just died," was the laconic answer.

So Spider left a note for the City Editor, telling him that there was no doubt that John Long had committed suicide, and went home for an hour before the police court opened. Hays came before the Magistrate that morning and was committed for trial, in face of so much evidence from persons who confessed to the shooting. The Magistrate took no note of any of them. Hays was under arrest on a charge of shooting John Long, and only Hays was going to be tried. These other persons were not arrested on any charge, and the Magistrate considered them a lot of idiots, or else they were conspiring to get the nigger off. Nothing more preposterous could be put forward than that John Long committed suicide.

The opposition reporters were green with envy because they had failed to get the sensationally interesting material which Spider had published, and their pain of mind was aggravated by the sarcasm of their City Editors. To even matters as far as possible the other newspapers said in divers articles of different length that the whole thing was a fake, manufactured by Spider. Spider was angry. He knew better. His City Editor was pleased.

Developments of the John Long case were adding mystery to mystery. At the Hospital that day an autopsy was performed on the body of John Long, but it did not reveal any injury done by a bullet. John Long had not been shot. Deceased's stomach contained laudanum, and it was from the effects of that, the surgeons all agreed, that death had resulted.

Further examination of the door of Hays' house showed that several bullets had passed through it both ways, but chiefly from the outside in. Detectives got to work on the case, and

Spider investigated ceaselessly. Finally Hays came up for trial by a jury, and was acquitted.

While summing up, the Judge remarked that it was unprecedented in his experience that so many persons should confess to shooting a man who was not shot at all. He believed that really all were equally guilty with regard to the intention of shooting the man. From the evidence given by the detectives he believed also that all the persons had shot simultaneously. There was so much shooting done that the man, in his drunken condition, imagined he was shot, and the pain he suffered afterward was purely hypochondriacal. They gave him sleep-producing medicine in the Hospital to relieve his pain, and when he felt sleep overpowering him he believed he was dying, and died.

John Long's post-mortem appearance to Spider the City Editor treated as a delusion of Spider's tired brain. That was perhaps plausible, but Spider was not satisfied. Long was dead; everybody agreed to that. That he had appeared to him just at the moment he died might be a delusion, but it was a remarkable coincidence of events. Spider was gloomy.

"Brace up, Spider," jollied the City Editor. "Do not let that ghost yarn of yours affect your health. It was only a figment of your exhausted brain. You had no sleep that night."

"It is the first one I ever saw," said Spider, "but I know it was a real ghost."

"Pooh, Spider; I will not discuss it. Get thee gone and enjoy two weeks' holidays, then see how you feel."

Spider went to the home of his parents in the country, and laid around on the grassy slopes, sometimes in the sunshine, sometimes in the shade. He watched the green grain waving. The

bees hummed and the birds twittered for him. Yet he was not rested. He could rest, rest, all the time, yet was he ever weary, very weary. As the two weeks tapered to a finish he wrote to the City Editor and asked for an extension. The City Editor wired him to take a month.

Following came days of heat in the city, and lethargy attacked every person in the *Bumper* office. Much padding copy was used. One night the City Editor received a message telling of a dreadful volcanic disaster, almost as bad as the outbreak of Mount Pelee which destroyed the city of St. Pierre de Miquelon a few months before. He would send Spider to write it up. Spider would like the work, and it would be as good as a rest for him.

The City Editor drew a pad toward him to write a message for Dan to wire when he felt that some person stood by his side. He turned.

"Spider!"

"I knew John Long came that morning," said Spider.

Before the City Editor could answer Spider was gone. Springing to his feet, he enquired if the reporters had seen Spider.

"Not since he went home," they said.

The City Editor felt queer.

He wrote a message; not like he first intended. This was to Spider's father, asking how his son's strength was accumulating. The answer came:

"William died shortly before arrival of your message."

There was quiet grief in the *Bumper* office.

And the mystery of John Long remains a mystery to the hurrying world, but the City Editor knows that good old Spider never failed to prove his theory in every case. Psychological influence had killed John Long.





# The WHISTLER

BY  
VIRNA SHEARD.

THROUGHOUT the sunny day he whistled on his way,  
On high and low, and gay and sweet,  
The melody rang down the street;  
Till all the weary, worn and gray,  
Smiled at their work, or stopped to say,—  
“Now God be thanked that youth is fair,—  
And light of heart and free from care.”

What time the wind blew high, he whistled and  
went by.

Then clarion clear on every side  
The song was scattered far and wide;  
Like birds above a storm that fly,  
The silver notes soared to the sky:—  
“Oh! soul whose courage does not fail  
But with a song can meet the gale.”

And when the rain fell fast, he whistled as he passed;  
A little tune the whole world knew,  
A song of love, of love most true;  
On through the mist it came at last  
To one by sorrow overcast:—  
“Dear Christ,” she said, “by night and day  
They serve who praise—as well as pray.”

And when the fog hung gray, he whistled on his way.  
The little children in his train,  
With rosy lips, caught up the strain.  
Then I, to hear what he might say,  
Followed with them, that sombre day;  
“Is it for joy of life,” quoth I,  
“Good Sir, you go awhistling by?”  
He smiled and sighed and shook his head:  
“I cheer my own sad heart,” he said.

# ORATORY

By THE HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER



ALL speaking is not oratory; most even of what men call fine speaking has little akin to it. The form of expression may be of the nicest, the flow of words of the smoothest, and even the thought of the highest order, and yet it may not be oratory. On the other hand it is possible for the sacred fire to flash forth from rude and unlettered people and with strange and moving force.

Real oratory is a child of truth and ardour. Falsehood is fatal to its birth, and coldness clips its wings and hinders all effective flight. The soul must be at white heat and cry to be delivered of its message, and the message must proceed from the very throne of truth, and appeal for response to the deepest feeling of the auditors. Oratory delights in broad lines and bold imagery;

it dislikes the tangling strands of small issues and dry detail.

The mental eye of the orator must see with perfect clearness the thing he wishes to describe, or he can never adequately represent it to his hearer; he must feel its absolute truth and urgency before he can stamp its burning importance upon his auditors. The real orator cannot be a bad man; the ring of his coin must be genuine. The eternal mint of truth utters no spurious metal. The mission of the orator has not ended. So long as truth lives and men feel, so long there is place and scope for him.

Neither painting nor music, nor sculpture, nor poetry, nor any other form of expression, can ever replace the living prophet, called of God, on fire with truth and impelled by the relentless fiat, "Go forth and speak to my people."

## THE FIRST MOUNTAIN RIDE

AN ETCHING

By JEAN BLEWETT



It is a far cry from the meadows, grain fields and fruit farms of Ontario to this wild and picturesque region.

There mother nature is kind, beneficent and beautiful; here she is something less than kind, a thing all grandeur and strength. There is no getting near to her. You never dream of lying on her bosom; your love is made up of reverence, pride and awe. She is wonderful, this mother nature of the mountains—wonderful in her wildness, her harshness; more wonderful still in the glimpses of sweetness she reveals. To see the face of sternness soften to tenderness is to see real beauty. In the very heart of the ruggedness trickles a little stream. Note how she has scooped out a bed for it, marked it a highway

round ledge and boulder, covered it from the sun's fierce rays with the greenness of briar and ivy. In yonder cottonwood tree, the only tree to be seen for miles, swings half a score of empty nests. She has made provision you see.

The first mountain ride takes you to the heights, spiritually as well as bodily. You do not forget it, for it thrills so deeply and vividly that memory refuses to let it go. Tall, and strong, and changeless the great hills stand. As you approach them from the plain you feel that you are small and mean, an atom of no account. They have stood here so long, will stand here when you are dust. What is man?

"The puny leverage of a hair  
The planets impulse well might spare,  
A drop of dew the tided sea."

It thrusts itself on you this thought, but only for a moment. Self-consciousness cannot live in this atmosphere. The veriest egotist on earth could not remember to think of himself once the hills had wrapped him about. How wonderful they are! Their granite and their verdure form the walls of a temple fairer, more enduring than Solomon's own, and never was temple reared by the hand of man roofed and domed like this with the snow-capped summits thrusting themselves up, up, till the soft clouds drape them, and God's sunlight wraps them round and round with splendour which defies description.

Now you enter the cañon, the door to the temple. You are not gazing in

the ordinary way. The soul of you is looking, using the eyes for windows, looking, and losing itself in the mystery and the glory. Yonder is a rock, pure white save where it lifts

"Its amethyst and sapphire crown."

What is it about "the horns of Thine altar?" The sunshine flashing down lights candles in golden candlesticks, the breeze sets censers swinging, the silence vast, palpitating is a mighty song of praise. Hark!

"In his hand are the deep places of the earth,  
The strength of the hills is his also,  
The sea is his and he made it,  
And his hands formed the dry land!"

Veil your eyes, nay they are already veiled with tears.

## A HARD-CHEEKED CANADIAN



IN a book entitled "Tommy Cornstalk," a good story of a Canadian soldier is told by an Australian writer. Mr. Abbott thinks the Canadians won a reputation for "pure, hard cheek," and this is his illustration:—

This story of one of them, who out-Canadianed the Canadians, may be worth recording, even though, possibly, it has been told in print before. It is of a man whose renown travelled through all Africa, who, though he was but a corporal of Mounted Infantry, attained a degree of local fame such as some brigadier might even have envied. It was related to the writer by a Highland officer in Wynberg Hospital, who, having allowed a bullet to pass clean through his head somewhere in that neighbourhood, had been a patient in the hospital at Vredefort, and had himself heard it from both Boer and English sources.

"Well, it seems that this Corporal Clarkson, of the Canadian Mounted Infantry, you know, was rather a noted character in Hutton's Brigade. They used to give him all the hard jobs to do—ridin' out reconnoitrin' by himself, you know, and so forth—and

he generally managed to do whatever he was instructed to, and a good deal beside. Sort of 'handy man' at scoutin', you know.

"Well, when French's crowd were just thinking about crossing the Vaal, they camped a few miles outside a little place called Vredefort—typical 'dorp,' an' all that—you know the kind of thing. Expected a big fight somewhere about, but it didn't come off. So, just to make sure, French thought he'd send someone out to reconnoitre Vredefort. Accordingly, the M. I. were told to find a patrol to do the job.

"Whoever it was had the sending out of the expedition I don't know, but I really think that the man who picked Clarkson to lead must himself have been a born leader of men, you know—sort of chappy who recognizes the qualifications of his men, you know, when he wants anything done.

"So this fellow Clarkson was paraded with five of his 'darned outfit,' as those chappies call themselves, you know—and instructed to go and find out whether Vredefort was occupied or not. So out he went.

"When they got to within about a mile of the town, they came quite sud-



denly over a ridge on to a Boer outpost, or picket, or something—consisting of eight or ten lusty Dutchmen. Clarkson arrived so very abruptly in their midst, that they hardly knew what was the right thing to do—to shoot or run. Quite flabbergasted 'em, you know. The gallant corporal took in the situation at a glance—let on he was the general himself, you know, and demanded their arms. I think they must have been a lot of awful Johnnies, you know—kind of town guard of Vrededorst or something, because they just did as he told 'em. He took their ponies, remounted his men fresh, sent the Boers away on foot, and, leaving two men to guard the loot, continued his advance on Vrededorst.

"Well, when he rode into Vrededorst, he found the Dutch people fairly scared, you know. They knew French was pretty close, and had been filling one another up with lies about what would happen if he entered the place. There were white flags up on every chimney-pot and gate-post.

"Clarkson simply rode straight up to the office of the Landrost—sort of civil magistrate Johnnie, you know. By this time he was Commander in Chief, vice Lord Roberts, resigned: if you give a Canadian an ell he'll take as far as his rifle can carry.

"Our friend simply demanded the surrender of the town—nothing less! Well, the Boer Johnny was so overcome, you know, and so very much afraid of losing his billet, that he thought perhaps he'd better do as requested, seeing also that Clarkson must undoubtedly be a general of very great standing. So, actin' under orders from Field-Marshal Lord Clarkson, he summoned all the available burghers who had arms to deposit 'em immediately in the Market Square, an' come an' listen to what the great officer of General French had to say. Course, you know, they think French has seniority of God Almighty. Altogether, Clarkson collected between forty and fifty Mausers and Martinis, stacked them in a waggon, an' sent 'em into Hutton's camp with a note

and one of his remaining three men—having previously invited himself to lunch with the Landrost at the hotel. I heard about the note; it was something like this, you know:—

"Dear General,—Please receive accompanying armament of one commando. I am pleased to state that I have this day captured the city of Vrededorst (fancy Vrededorst a "city") and taken a large number of prisoners, whom I propose, subject to your approval, to release upon parole. You will be glad to hear that I am at the present moment enjoying an excellent luncheon with the mayor of this city. We're havin' champagne! After lunch, as to-morrow will be the birthday of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, I propose to formally annex this city to the British Dominions. Hopin' this will find you well, and in good spirits, as it leaves me at present.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully, Duncan Clarkson, Corporal Canadian M.I."

"Well, after lunch, he had 'em all called up into the Market Square again. Some English lady had a flag hidden away all the time, and she produced it for the occasion. So Clarkson commanded the Free State flag to be hauled down, and ran the Union Jack up in its place.

"Then he made 'em a great speech. Pointed out all the benefits that would accrue to Vrededorst under British rule, you know, an' all that—and finally worked 'em up into quite a pitch of enthusiasm, you know, so that they gave three cheers and sang God Save the Queen, etcetera.

"But the best of it, you know, was a snapshot which that English lady took with her kodak, an' which I saw afterwards. There were all the old Boer Johnnies, you know, cheerin' away like anything, an' throwin' up their hats into the air—our brave boy, seated on his pony in the middle of the crowd of 'em, smilin' like a Cheshire cat, and—with one hand on the butt of his revolver!

"Well, now, I call that 'moral suasion,' don't you?"



## Current Events Abroad.

THE despatches from the Far East, at the moment of writing, are described as having a more pacific tone. It is to be feared, however, that this is wholly illusory. He would be a hopeful man who could see a peaceful way out of the differences that have arisen between Russia and Japan. Here are two powers which know exactly what they want, who each want the same thing and who are prepared to fight for it. The only direction in which a hope for a peaceful settlement exists is that Russia may conclude that she can fight for her objects better a year or two hence than now. The Japanese have evidently made a shrewd estimate of all the possibilities, and war is as likely to occur over her efforts to make it difficult for Russia to make war in the future as over anything else. Russia might forego a present triumph in order to make one in the future more certain, but if the Japanese conditions promise to tie all the four paws of the bear then it will be necessary to fight now.

The idea that Russia can safely wait in any event is not supported by fact. No time is more favourable for their forward movement than now. China is a great inert mass and, in spite of her teeming multitudes, is left out of the sum by both contestants. Japan, on whose side she would naturally be, desires her to be merely neutral and to preserve civil order within the Empire, so that no pretext will be afforded for the intervention of European powers. The role which China and Corea are expected to play imparts a somewhat comic aspect to the situation. The bone of contention, or rather the bones, are the territories of these two powers, but the belligerent nations

bargain about them as if no such entities existed.

But will this always be so? Is not the Russian forward party always face to face with the danger of an awakened China? She is dormant now, but is there not a high probability that her superfluous millions may at any time be converted into a not wholly despicable weapon of war. The spectacle of a little Mongol or Manchu people daring the thunders of the mightiest power on the earth is calculated to send a galvanic thrill through all Mongolia; even through that amorphous and gelatinous vastness that we know as the Chinese Empire? Nor is it the mere psychological influence that is to be feared. There are material ones that supply a backbone to whatever feeling of this kind has been aroused. Japanese officers have been for some time drilling Chinese troops. The soldiers of the Son of Heaven have been under the instruction of skilled officers off and on for the past quarter century, but hitherto the officer has been a European with no more real knowledge of the beings he commanded than if they were a band of gorillas. It has to be confessed that an impenetrable veil is drawn between the Caucasian and the Tartar mind. The European who has lived half his life amongst them has to acknowledge that he has been able to enter but a little way into the mysterious jumble of habits and conventions which may be called the character of the myriads who inhabit China. To the Japanese the maze is not so unthreadable. A quick-witted Japanese officer has the clue to the puzzle and knows accurately enough the springs that move the men whom he trains. There is the



CHINA'S DILEMMA

—Kladderadatsch, Berlin

Russia is pulling in front and John Bull behind

material for millions of fair soldiers in China. It only needs to have the breath of self-respect and confidence blown into its nostrils to make it a formidable auxiliary force to the anti-warriors of Japan.

Russia does not want to wait until this transformation takes place. This is the accepted time, if everything else were in a satisfactory shape. That they are not we, of course, know. She is not as well organized in Manchuria as she will be later on. She is connected with her real base four thousand miles away by a single line of railway, about which we have various accounts. An American traveller just returned from there describes the road-

bed as good and the management all that could be desired. Other accounts are to a quite contrary effect. The weakest feature of it is that it passes for hundreds of miles through disaffected territory. It will be surprising in case war breaks out if it be not found a task of immense difficulty to keep the track intact on the Manchurian section. The country is absolutely lawless, full of robber bands to whom the wrecking and looting of trains would be exquisite pastime. A large body of troops would be needed to watch the railway, and they could not be very well spared from the operations against the main enemy.



These considerations pull different ways, one counselling to strike now, the other counselling a halt in order to achieve a greater state of preparedness. A factor that defies calculation is the will of the Czar. He has undoubtedly strong leanings towards peace and altruism. He is not a man of war. A number of eager soldiers have been of frail body. William of Orange had but little to support him in the field but his indomitable spirit and the sense of the great interests with which he was entrusted. The Czar resembles the Prince in the uncertainty of his health, but it remains to be proved whether he has his spirit. A great Russian army in the field facing the foe and the Little Father at the Winter Palace would be something wholly unprecedented and inexplicable to the Russian troops. Whatever a man does well, that he is fond of doing, but as the Czar has none of the tastes, nor even the robustness of a military leader, war, we may be sure, he would willingly avoid. He may be swept along, however, by something far more powerful than himself. The movement of the Russian avalanche across Asia has been an irresistible impulse eastward. To change the figure, it is a vast river which breaks down all barriers in its compulsive course towards the sea. When one looks at that mass of territory and sees

how land-bound it is both in Europe and Asia, he feels that he is looking at some huge living bulk that is being smothered by its own very magnitude. Its instinct for a front on some ice-free sea is an instinct of self-preservation, and will not be given up without a struggle that will shake the earth.



Can Japan carry on the other side of so mighty a contest? To deem so a few years ago would have been thought preposterous. To think so now is a tribute to the great advance which the new nation has made in the estimation of the world. It is a question impossible to answer, but given equal morale, the odds are in favour of the little men. Modern tactics

favour the light, active soldier, who is largely his own commissariat and camp-manager. The big Russian peasant is a stubborn, tough fellow, but he is neither so resourceful nor so self-sufficient as the Jap. The first round of the controversy will be debated at sea, and if Japan were subdued there Russia would virtually hold all the other cards, for unimpeded communication between Korea and Japan would be indispensable to the latter. If, on the other hand, Japan carried the broom in the straits of Corea the ultimate victor would be very hard to pick. The Japanese commanders have had



HISTORY REVERSES ITSELF: OR, PAPA JOSEPH TAKING MASTER ARTHUR A PROTECTION WALK

PAPA JOSEPH—"Come along, Master Arthur. Do step out!"

MASTER ARTHUR—"That's all very well, but you know I cannot go as fast as you do."  
—*Punch*

[The small picture represents an old cartoon in which "Papa" Cobden is dragging "Master" Robert Peel along. The reading matter is the same for both cartoons.]

more recent experience than their Russian opponents in pitched battles and the movements of large bodies of men, and their military students have been keenly observant witnesses of all recent struggles of importance. Those who saw the Japanese officers with the American army in Cuba and with the British army in South Africa, will testify that they have taken full advantage of their opportunities. Russia must be prepared to face the very latest ideas which the long-range magazine rifle has made imperative in twentieth century warfare. Have any of the European nations with their "five-meal,



AN INCONSIDERATE PATIENT

MR. BULL—"Sinking rapidly?" Nonsense! I never felt better in my life! Look at my figure!

DR. C.—Figures don't signify. You take my word for it that unless you swallow this specific you're a doomed man!—*Toronto Globe*.

meat-fed men" and big battalions and martinet organizations really profited by the lessons of recent wars? It is doubtful if they have. Japan has no traditions to abandon. She is beginning all things with a clean slate and an adaptable people.

Will any of the other European powers be involved? Great Britain is bound by treaty to come to Japan's aid should she be attacked by more than one power. France and Germany prevented Japan from obtaining a foothold in China, the reward of her victory in 1900. Will they still adhere to that policy? It is far more likely that the two combatants will be allowed to fight it out, but we may be sure that Great Britain will never again, if she can help it, allow Japan to be choused out of the fruits of her enterprise and valour. Japan is fighting the battle of

the open door, and for that reason alone she has the sympathy of Britain and America.

While Russia is busy on the Pacific Coast, Lord Curzon is trying to anticipate her in Tibet. The British expedition is moving in the direction of Lhasa, although it is said without any intention of entering the sacred city. The Tibetans under the leadership of a Chinese

officer are said to be preparing to resist the advance of the foreign devils. That is usually the preliminaries to subjugation, or the bringing of a country within the "sphere of influence." Some imaginative person has put forward the idea that there is a project in the minds of empire-builders to construct a railway across Tibet which would connect India with the highest navigable point of the Yangtse-kiang. This, it is argued, would bring the fairest region of China so completely under British influence that Russia's acquisition of Manchuria could be regarded with composure. This is one of the dreams that someone who is not a dreamer comes along and transmutes into steel rails and cedar ties.

And the morality of it all? What right has that busy, masterful Caucas-



ian race to be pushing people from their stools in this way? The question involves the whole of this continent. Why did Columbus discover it? If he had left it alone the Iroquois would still be pursuing their exhilarating business of scalping the Algonquins, if the stock still held out, and all this fair land on which ninety millions of Europeans expatiate would be the theatre of the strife of tongues and totems of a few wandering Indian tribes, scratching the ground in infrequent and inconsiderable patches for the production of a handful of maize. Is the law of the survival of the fittest immoral? If so, Nature is immoral.



From this latter standpoint the British expedition into Tibet is suspect. Russia has been opening up communications with mysterious Lhasa. By her knowledge of and sway over the Buddhist tribes on the borders of Tibet she has established a filmy connection with Lhasa and perhaps its ineffably holy resident, the Dalai Lama. Visits have been exchanged between Russian Buddhists, who visited Lhasa and those of Tibet, some of whom were received by the Czar in person. Indian policy has consistently opposed the acquirement by Russia of any territory immediately adjoining India. Russian influences in Persia and Afghanistan have been firmly resisted, and there can be no doubt that the expedition into Tibet was prompted by the fear of Russian intrigue. The adventures of European powers in Asia is the most striking historical and developmental feature at the opening of



MAZEPPA!—Boston Herald

the century. In his budget speech recently Lord Curzon alluded to it. "As the European powers," he said, "arrive upon the scene and push forward into the vacant spots, we are slowly having a European situation re-created in Asia with the same figures on the stage. The great European powers are also becoming the great Asiatic powers; already we have Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany and Turkey; and then, in place of all the smaller European kingdoms and municipalities, we have the empires and states of the East, Japan, Tibet, Siam, Afghanistan, Persia, only a few of them strong and robust, the majority containing the seeds of inevitable decay." It is to meet this situation, to strengthen India against the time that is coming, that so much concern is exhibited for the Persian Gulf and now for the situation in Tibet. It is evident that the last condition of that continent is likely to be worse than the first.

JOHN A. EWAN

# PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

## TREATY-MAKING POWERS

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, as the head of a Government and the chief officer of a people who felt keenly the treatment meted out to this country in connection with the negotiations concerning the Alaskan Tribunal, rose in his place in the House of Commons in Ottawa on October 23rd last and uttered some remarks which will be historical. Such is the power of a premier when the opportunity occurs. He tried to locate the cause of Canada's defeat in the Alaskan Boundary Award and used the following words:\*

"The only thing that we feared in having a tribunal composed of six members was that there should not be the condition of finality, but there is the condition of finality as the tribunal has been composed. But the difficulty is not there. The difficulty, as I conceive it to be, is that so long as Canada remains a dependency of the British Crown, the present powers that we have are not sufficient for the maintenance of our rights. It is important that we should ask the British Parliament for more extensive power, so that if ever we have to deal with matters of a similar nature again we shall deal with them in our own way, in our own fashion, according to the best light that we have."

Immediately all watchers of political progress were alert. Sir Wilfrid had said something important, had indicated where the Colonies would seek for the next instalment of self-government, had shown what was to be the next step in that long course of nation-making which had given character to the colonial development of the nineteenth century.

In an interview which appeared in the London *Daily Mail* of December 22nd, Sir Wilfrid explained that it is not absolute power of treaty-making

that Canada demands. Treaties will still be subject to the veto of the sovereign. Canada must be permitted to arrange the preliminaries of all treaties affecting her trade and territory, so that the Canadian Government will not be in the position Lord Onslow placed her in March last\* when he signed the treaty while Canada's protests were still unsatisfied. If Canada had possessed the power to arrange the preliminaries in the recent international dispute, says Sir Wilfrid, she would not have accepted the three representatives whom the United States chose to represent it on that Tribunal.

Although this is the first time that a Canadian Premier has declared in favour of this extension of self-government, it is not the first time such a proposal has been made. In 1882 the Hon. Edward Blake, then leader of the Liberal Opposition, made an important speech on Commercial Treaties. He laid stress on the growth of the intellectual and political character of a community as concomitant with its material progress. Self-government was necessary to both kinds of progress. The steady advance and increased capacity of Canadians had been followed by greater self-government. Canada controls her own trade and tariff, but "what is wanted is communication and negotiation with those powers and countries with which we desire to enter into freer commercial relations." He complained that England in negotiating commercial treaties did not consider colonial trade interests, and that complications and delays were involved in references of Canadian trade matters to the English Departments. The

\* Cf. F. C. Wade's article in this issue, p. 336.

\* Hansard, 1903, p. 14,817.

conclusion of the resolution which he offered ran thus:\*

"That it is expedient to obtain all necessary powers to enable Her Majesty, through her representative, . . . to enter by an agent or representative of Canada, into direct communication with any British possession or foreign state for the purpose of negotiating commercial arrangements, tending to the advantage of Canada, subject to the prior consent or the subsequent approval of the Parliament of Canada signified by Act."

In 1889 the House of Commons rejected a resolution offered by Sir Richard Cartwright looking to the acquisition by Canada of the power to negotiate "commercial arrangements tending to the advantage of Canada, subject to the prior consequent or subsequent approval of the Parliament of Canada, signified by Act."†

It is to be regretted that such an able writer as Professor Goldwin Smith does not see that colonial self-government is but making a demand for legitimate extension. The Professor takes an altogether too pessimistic view of Canadian progress.

#### MUNICIPAL HISTORY

IT is pleasant to note that the history of our institutions is gradually being worked up into permanent form. The writers of most Canadian histories have contented themselves with describing wars, politicians, political happenings, and constitutional changes. They have, in a great measure, overlooked that equally important feature of history, the growth of institutions such as municipalities, banks, railways, newspapers, schools and public libraries.

Municipal history received little attention until recent years, except in a most general way. S. Morley Wickett, Ph.D., lecturer in Political Economy in the University of Toronto, being an enthusiastic student, and not being a celebrated "imported" educationist, recently took up this subject and devoted some attention to it.

\* Hansard, 1882, p. 1075.

† Hansard, 1889, pp. 172 et seq.

He wrote an article on "City Government in Canada," which appeared in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE\* in November, 1901. This was reprinted in the University of Toronto studies in 1902, together with another article of his on "Municipal Government in Toronto," and a paper on Westmount by W. D. Lighthall. He has now issued a second "Study" containing "Municipal Government in Ontario," by Professor Adam Shortt; "Municipal Organization in Ontario," by K. W. McKay; and a revised "Bibliography" by himself. Dr. Wickett has planned future "studies" to deal with the municipal history of the other parts of Canada.

The work of Professor Shortt in the *Queen's Quarterly* and elsewhere is worthy of special mention. His contribution to this latest "study" edited by Dr. Wickett, is a masterly and readable survey of the history of Ontario's municipal government. It begins by describing the democratic ideas in regard to municipal government possessed by the people who occupied the Province in 1791, and the bureaucratic ideas of Upper Canada's first ruler, Governor Simcoe. The people, many of whom had come from the New England States, wished to govern their own towns and townships, to elect their own municipal officers and generally to legislate for the regulation of their local affairs. Simcoe, who was an autocrat of the mili-

\*The following articles on Municipal History have appeared in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE:

McEvoy, The New County Council, Vol. 7: 148.

Ross, Development of Street Railways, Vol. 18: 276.

Cameron, History of Edmonton, Vol. 15: 99.

Morgan, Founder of Halifax, Vol. 13: 96.

Tupper, Attractions of Halifax, Vol. 13: 347.

Wood, Halifax the Open Door, Vol. 12: 521.

—, Municipal Reform in Montreal, Vol.

12: 457.

Belding, St. John as a Winter Port, Vol.

12: 395.

Shaw, Fire-Fighters of Toronto, Vol. 20: 37.

Durham, History of Vancouver, Vol. 12: 109.

Durham, History of Victoria, Vol. 12: 207.

Belding, St. John, Vol. 15: 49.

Smith, Ottawa, Vol. 15: 57.

Grant, Sault Ste. Marie, Vol. 15: 483.

tary type, reported that the Lower House also "seemed to have a stronger attachment to the elective principle in all town affairs than might be thought advisable." The elective principle from New England eventually won, and is the chief characteristic of our municipal institutions to-day. But it took many years of patient aggrandisement on the part of the people to wrest the right from the autocratic forefathers of the Family Compact. Some of the townships went so far as to exercise rights before they were granted. The towns won their privileges with similar difficulty. Up to 1801 they had no privileges as distinct from the remainder of the district, and the right to hold a "market" was the first special grant to them. The first town to have the right to regulate its police was Kingston, and that did not occur until 1816, the year the first public school act was passed. York, Sandwich and Amherstburg were granted similar privileges the next year. After this progress was slow until 1832, when the town of Brockville was given a body corporate, known as the President and Board of Police of the Town of Brockville, and from that time the powers of the Judges in Quarter Sessions began to decline in favour of municipally elected bodies. In 1834, York was incorporated and elected its first Mayor. The whole of Professor Shortt's paper is well worth several readings, and perhaps one may be permitted to express the hope that the other provinces may be fortunate enough to possess a Professor Shortt, who will systematically and lucidly explain to them the current of their history.

The paper by K. W. McKay, editor of the *Municipal World*, is also of considerable importance. It explains the organization of each municipality in Ontario, and the duties of each officer. Especially interesting are the paragraphs on the newer features, such as Boards of Health and Houses of Industry.

The history of our municipalities is important because it is only through

this history that one can gain a clear idea of the course which future progress is likely to take. There must be progress and there must be reform, especially in the larger cities. At the present time the municipal bodies are asked to perform more than is reasonably possible. The legislative function must be separated from the administrative, and the latter vested in permanent officials. This seems the most feasible solution of present difficulties. At present too much is demanded of the Mayor and Aldermen. Their ability and their time are limited; their work is practically unlimited. Citizens with reputations and businesses which make them impregnable to the assault of franchise-seekers and other kinds of "grafters," are loth to allow themselves to be chosen for offices which demand so much time and attention, and which would make them feel the pressure of strong corporations whose interests are not identical with the civic interests. A reform of some kind is necessary in order that good government shall be maintained in large cities.



#### RELIGIOUS TAXES

IN a certain constituency in Ontario, not long ago, a new church was being built by a certain religious body. The member of Parliament was, of course, asked to contribute to the subscription list although he was not a member of that religious body, nor did he reside within twenty miles of the parish limits. He gave \$25. Later it was intimated to him that \$50 was the amount required.

This is the sort of delicate blackmail which prevails all over Canada. Members of Parliament, mayors, reeves, aldermen, councillors and those appointed by popular vote are blackmailed on every hand. Of course, it is delicately done. There is no compulsion. Yet the man who has the hardihood to refuse soon feels the scorn of those who expected his donation. The practice is reprehensible, and its hideousness is not lessened by the fact that



THE OTTAWA GENERAL POST-OFFICE—DAMAGED BY FIRE LAST MONTH

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. FITTAWAY

religious bodies are the worst offenders. The main result is that honest members of Parliament and other publicists are crowded out by men who accept presents, "rake-offs" and "percentages" and then square their consciences by distributing the moneys so received to charitable and religious organizations.

The *Toronto News* does morality a service in pointing out that no less a personage than Lord Macaulay refused to make any presents to his constituents in the form of race-balls or subscriptions. He confined his giving to the same occasions as would have justified it if he were not the member for Edinburgh. Canada could bear an infusion of Lord Macaulay's principle. The politicians are blamed for perpetuating corruption, but the churches and the people are by no means guiltless. The keenness with which they

hasten to rifle the pockets of the man who offers himself for election to any office is the most indelicate kind of highway robbery.

#### THE COLONIAL MILITIA

There is one military journal in London which has become seized of the true essence of the Colonial spirit. The *Broad Arrow* says that it is the greatest mistake to expect the Colonial military authorities to slavishly copy the regular army. They should be left to work out their own special military ideas.

That is common sense. The Colonials are endeavouring to provide the militia with training and equipment suitable for Colonial service, and to establish a system which will not continually give rise to a public cry for "military reform."

JOHN A. COOPER





Edited By  
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

#### CANADIAN WOMEN

CANADIAN women have been little written about in books, and they are seldom glorified except in a stray poem or an occasional paragraph in a general work on the Canadian people. There are few Canadian novels which glorify the female or portray a typical woman. The men and their doings fill the public eye. For example, in Prof. Roberts' excellent history of Canada the word woman does not appear in the index. The same is true of Mr. Kingsford's ten-volume history and Mr. Bourinot's numerous books. Even that gallant bachelor, Mr. Castell Hopkins, failed to include a chapter on women in his five-volume compilation, "Canada: An Encyclopædia." In volume IV of this work, Dr. Torrington has an article on Musical Progress, and Madame Albani is the only woman especially mentioned. This is followed by an "Historical Sketch of Music in Canada," by Mrs. Harrison, and even here women are only incidentally mentioned. In volume V there is a section devoted to Canadian literature and a paper by Thomas O'Hagan on "Canadian Women Writers"—the only tribute to women in the whole work.

The National Council of Women of Canada, which was formed in 1893, produced the first important book, devoted to the "Women of Canada: Their Life and Work." It was prepared by the Council for distribution at the Paris Exhibition of 1900, and is a most valuable index to the position

and character of the female portion of the community. The headings of the chapters will give some idea of the scope of the volume:

Past and Present of Canadian Women.

Legal and Political Status.

Professions and Careers.

Trades and Industries.

Education.

Literature.

Arts, Handicrafts, Music and the Drama.

Nationally Organized Societies.

Church Work.

Charities and Reform.

Social Life.

Immigration.

Indian Women.

The women of Canada are second to none in the world for physical strength, homely virtues, graces, accomplishments, scholarship and intellectual vigour. They deserve more praise and attention than they have yet received at the hands of the book-makers. True, the newspapers have, in recent years, devoted greater space to their work and activities. These women's pages are founded in reason, but rarely edited with common-sense or intellectual balance. They are stuffed with guff, clip-pings and general nonsense. They are as often as not made up of stealings from the various feminine publications of other countries, usually quite unreliable and quite unsuitable for their audiences. These women's pages should have the immediate attention of the

National Council. There have been some weak attempts to found a journal devoted to women's interests, but they have never been productive of much good. There is one Canadian feminine publication now collecting dollars from an easy public, but it is hardly more than a reprint of a United States publication of the same name.

All this is but preparatory to what follows in succeeding paragraphs.

"Types of Canadian Women and of Women who are or have been Connected with Canada,"\* is the title of a new book. The editor thereof is Henry J. Morgan, whose mind contains more historical data and undigested historical facts than that of any other Canadian. He is styled editor, but would be much more accurately described as compiler.

This book is not edited, unless the writing of an introduction and the production of an index may be termed editing.

The volume contains the portraits of 354 women, past, present and future, with a short article on each. The arrangement is alphabetical, which brings La Vénérable Marguerite Burgeoys, founder of the Congregation de Notre Dame, who came to Canada with Maisonneuve in 1653, opposite to Mrs. Bowring, a native of St. John, whose husband was once Mayor of Liverpool. It brings La Vénérable You D'You-

\*Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, large quarto, 380 pp.



MRS. FITZGIBBON (LALLY BERNARD)—JOURNALIST  
FROM "TYPES OF CANADIAN WOMEN"

ville, a sister of Vérendrye, founder of the Grey Nuns of Montreal, opposite Lady Edgar; and Madame Gamelin, founder of Le Soeurs de la Providence in 1844, opposite Miss Dunlop-Gemmell, who was born in Canada, left it an infant, and has not since returned. It forces the reader who desires to know the names of those who have succeeded on the stage to examine the whole book carefully. It entails the same task on those who would read of celebrated writers, philanthropists, nurses, elocutionists, violinists, or poetesses. In fact, the alphabetical arrangement prevents any classification without serving any useful purpose except that of

rendering the alphabetical index useless. Here is where the editor of a work of such pretensions would have been expected to show his skill.

If there had been a classification of some kind Marguerite Bourgeoys, Madeline of Vercheres, Madame de la Peltre, D'Youville, Madame Gamelin, Lady Johnson, Lady Dorchester, Laura Secord and other historical women might have been grouped together. Such famous society leaders of the early period of the nineteenth century as Lady Sarah Maitland, Lady Seaton, Mrs. Simcoe, Mrs. (Judge) Haliburton, Mrs. William Lyon Mackenzie, Countess Durham, Mrs. Allen Napier McNab, Lady Lafontaine, Lady Hincks and Lady Head would have brought the history along another fifty years. A group of writers would have embraced Mrs. Susanna Moodie, Mrs. Traill, Madame Leprohon, Miss Machar, Miss Louise Murray, Miss Barry, Miss Saunders, Miss Lily Dougall, Mrs. Cotes, Lady Edgar, Miss Wood, Mrs. Coleman (Kit), May Agnes Fleming, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, and a number of other interesting literary figures. A group of actresses would have included Sallie Holman, although she was not born here, Mrs. Buckland (Kate Horn), Miss Mather (Margaret Finlayson), Clara Morris, Louise Baudet, Miss Prentice, who was born in England, Mrs. Stuart Robson, Mrs. Hoyt, May Irwin (Ada Campbell), Margaret Anglin and Julia Arthur. And so the reader might have expected to find the violinists, the nurses, the philanthropists, the society leaders and those of official prominence. Some such arrangement would also have made it less possible for the "editor" to include some portraits of persons who have no claim whatever to prominence. There are at least twenty-five portraits of women who have no scintilla of right to be mentioned in such a work as this.

True, there is an "Index to Places and to Subjects," but it is ill conceived and clumsily done. "Authoresses" is quite acceptable, but imagine the following in the index of a book on

women: Army, Balls, Bar, Baronet, Bathed in River Jordan, Birthday Celebration, Cawnpore, Half-breeds, Italy, Only Likeness ever Taken, and World-wide Reputation. Artists, Actresses, Authoresses, Beauties, Benevolent Work, Education, Entertainments, Governors' Wives, Journalists, Nursing Profession, Peeress, Philanthropist, Presented at Court, Society Leader, and Vocalists, are proper terms in a cross-index, but these are smothered in a multitude of useless references.

"Women Living Abroad" would be a useful classification both in the book and in the cross-index. It would have included such names as: Mrs. Herbert Chamberlain (Miss Williams, of Port Hope), Mrs. Walter Chamberlain (Miss Gilmour, of Quebec), Lady Musgrave and her sisters, Mrs. Calthorpe and Mrs. Chaplin, all of whom were Dunsmuirs, Lady Clarke, Lady Glen-Coats, Mrs. Clifford Cory and Lady Carew, Mrs. Cunard, Mrs. Curtis (Miss Drury, of St. John), Lady de Blaquiére (Miss Desbarats), Mrs. De Horsey, The Viscountess Dillon, the Baroness Macdonald and many others.

Perhaps one must not expect too much of a man working in a pioneer field; but, nevertheless, a book review is useless if it be not frank and suggestive. Perhaps Mr. Morgan will remedy some of these defects—if he agrees with this opinion—in his next volume.

Yet, far be it from me, to disparage this excellent work. It might easily have been better, but it is good. The pictures of 354 Canadian women, of whom nearly 300 are of some importance, cannot be collected without much labour and patience. The leading events in the lives of each are not always given, but they are usually given. This collection of events must represent a great deal of endeavour on the part of Mr. Morgan. No doubt these are accurately set out. Mr. Morgan is usually reliable; this may freely be said of him, even if one feels that he has not shown the full measure of ripe judgment which might

reasonably be expected. He is a painstaking worker and he knows his men and women. He lacks the philosophy which enables some writers to get down to the foundations of things, but he has a keen scent for an historical fact or date. The reader of these little biographies may gather much for his or her historical edification; nay, learn many facts about the women of to-day and yesterday which are worthy of being remembered. No woman may read this volume through without being stimulated—stimulated through her vanity, perhaps, but nevertheless stimulated to good purpose. She will learn a new lesson, a lesson which has done much to keep men virtuous, honourable and patriotic throughout countless generations. She will learn that the woman who aims to be a true help-meet to a husband who is called upon to render service to the public is not without her reward; that the woman who labours to enlarge the joys of her fellows in art, music or literature may have her name enrolled upon the scroll of honour; and that the woman who labours to uplift her race and alleviate its sufferings will be kindly remembered when her work is done.

In so far as Mr. Morgan's work is an inspiration for good, it must be praised. In so far as he has preserved facts and faces which might have been lost and forgotten, he must be credited with a public service. This praise and this credit are due him for what is a really valuable compendium of information about Canadian women. S.



MADAME LEPROHON, POETESS  
FROM "TYPES OF CANADIAN WOMEN"

#### THE PRINCESS LOUISE

The younger generation of Canadians do not remember the Princess Louise during her residence here, when she was so greatly respected and admired. The Duchess of Argyll, as the Princess is now generally called, is at once the most retiring and the most original member of the Royal family. She is curiously unlike any of her brothers and sisters, though she has always shared the late Empress Frederick's love of, and skill in, every form of art. She is a really fine sculptress, succeeding far more in this branch than in that of painting; and her presentment of Queen Victoria as the Maiden Queen is certainly most charming.

# About New Books.



## QUEBEC AND ITS HISTORY

THE city of Quebec has many admirers and several historians. A volume concerning this "ancient capital," by Sir Gilbert Parker and Claude Bryan, has recently appeared. On the heels of that large, illustrated work comes a handsome volume, somewhat smaller in size but containing almost as much material, from the pens of A. G. Doughty and N. E. Dionne.\* The first-mentioned history is written by men who know something of words and their meanings, who make phrases and sentences which vividly portray the picturesque scenes they describe, and who are able to make a story of what they have to tell about the historic city. It is a delightful book to read, yet it is wonderfully inaccurate in details. On the other hand, the second history is written by men to whom facts are more than impressions, language or style. It is more accurate, but much less vivid and picturesque. Perhaps the most prominent fault of the book is the absolute disregard of the rules which are supposed to guide writers in the construction of paragraphs. The illustrations of the first book are in all mediums, line-cuts, half-tones and photogravures; those of the second book are less numerous, but unified by being all one size and style in photogravure.

Such are the two books. The person desiring to decide which shall be added to his library must choose between brightness and occasional inaccuracy and dullness and general reliability. Probably the only safe decision at which he can arrive is to pur-

chase both. Each has its merits, and both are valuable contributions to Canadian history.

The reviewer does not wish to be understood as guaranteeing the accuracy of the second book. A little slip is inserted at the end of the work giving nineteen corrections, and there are some errors which missed the eyes of the authors. Nevertheless, it must be said to the credit of these two writers that in this work, as in previous books, they have aimed at accuracy, and have been at considerable pains to provide against errors. On the other hand, Sir Gilbert Parker and Mr. Bryan have apparently not used all the diligence which might be reasonably expected.

There is another difference between the two books, although it does not condemn the one as compared with the other. That by Parker and Bryan neglects small and unimportant facts, and lays stress on those of paramount importance, while that by Doughty and Dionne possesses less perspective and aims to chronicle all things great and small. The latter volume somewhat resembles Robertson's "Landmarks of Toronto," although it is not quite such a storehouse of historical rubbish. In other words, Parker's book is a general history despite its small inaccuracies, while the Doughty and Robertson books are local history with the necessary plethora of unimportant dates, and small, if interesting, facts.

## WORLD'S CHILDREN

On account of its beautiful colour-plates, "World's Children" is one of the most admired books of the recent publishing season. The hundred plates in colour, reproduced from paintings by Mr. Mortimer Menpes of children of

\* Quebec Under Two Flags; a brief history of the City from its foundation until the present time. By A. G. Doughty and N. E. Dionne. Quebec: The Quebec News Co.



different races, form the volume's feature of primary interest. He and his daughter Dorothy are great travellers, as the books which they have made together show; and the text of this book consists in Miss Menpes' piquant descriptions of the children of twenty-five different races and countries in which she and her father have sojourned. The Boston *Transcript* sums it up as "the most delightful picture gallery of the season."

Together they visited India during the time of the Durbar, and made a superb record in colour and description of the greatest colour scheme the modern world has ever seen. "The Durbar" was published a month or two ago. The reproductions in these two books were made under almost ideal circumstances—the plates were engraved by Miss Maud Menpes, and the pictures were printed in colours under the artist's supervision at the Menpes Press.

#### NOTES FROM "THE BOOKMAN" (LONDON)

"Sea Puritans" is the title of Mr. Frank T. Bullen's new novel, the MS. of which has just been placed in the publisher's hands.

*The Academy*, which is making excellent progress under the able editorship of Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore, is publishing a most interesting series of articles by John Oliver Hobbes, under the general title "Letters from a Silent Study."

The late Mr. Henry Seton Merriam, whose sudden death is so generally regretted, has, we believe, left two novels still to be published. One, at any rate, entitled "The Last Hope," is to be issued serially in the *Illustrated London News*, beginning in January.

Major Martin Hume has arranged to write a new historical work, which will be entitled "The Wives of Henry VIII." A new edition of Major Hume's "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth," will be published in January by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. It will be thoroughly

revised, and will contain additional chapters by the author.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written a number of short parodies in verse under the general title of "The Muse among the Motors." By the bye, we believe we are correct in saying that Mr. Kipling owns and drives, or is driven in a "Lanchester," which, as our readers are probably aware, is a car wholly manufactured in this country.

There is a fashion in novels as much as in frocks, and just now the story of colonial life is all the vogue. Mr. E. G. Henham has turned to the early history of Canada for his latest book, and the scene of "The Ploughshare and the Sword"\* is laid in Quebec, at the time when Richelieu's foreign policy was at its zenith. In deference to prevailing fashion, it is described as "a tale of empire," but it is imperial in the best and broadest sense. Mr. Henham's position as a writer of boys' stories is well established, and he is one of those who are helping to fill the gap left by the lamented Mr. Henty. "The Ploughshare and the Sword" is a stirring story, with the vigour and directness which appeal to a boy reader.

Mr. Jacobs is so delightfully amusing that it is easy to overlook the fact that he is also an artist. As the reader shakes with laughter at the irresistible humour of his dialogue or the ludicrous predicaments of these simple sailor-men, so childish in their diplomacy, he is tempted to regard Mr. Jacobs as a mere jester. Nothing could be more unjust, for this crispness of dialogue and spontaneous humour are not accidental, but the product of conscious art. These sketches of riverside and village life are drawn with perfect finish and the nicest discrimination between necessary and superfluous detail. They abound in subtle touches which show the keenest observation and insight. Nothing is more admirable about Mr. Jacobs' work than what he leaves out; in other words, he is master of that most difficult me-

\* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

dium, the short story. Like all artists, he is versatile, and lest we should be disposed to think that the bargee and the night watchman have a monopoly of the gift of repartee, he shows in "Odd Craft"\* that the seemingly stolid villager is just as plastic in his deft hands. For Mr. Jacobs the artist we have the highest admiration; to Mr. Jacobs the humorist we offer thanks.

#### THE CHILD'S MIND

The anxious parents and the fussing doctor are always anxious about the child's bodily development, but seldom have the same anxiety about its mental development. School teachers, as a rule, do not admit any development other than is produced by confining a child in a crowded schoolroom so many hours a day and giving it a certain amount of "home-work." Thousands of children are annually injured by this carelessness on the part of parent and ignorance on the part of school teachers—the \$300-a-year kind, of course.

Psychologists at first treated child-development as adult-development in lower terms. They worked from that hypothesis. Lately, they have abandoned that and have begun to ask what these mental processes meant to the child, not to what are they analogous in the adult mind. In Canada the psychologists still belong to the obsolete school, and their theories are, for the most part, useless if not harmful. In the United States child-study has become a rational investigation based upon rational observation and experiment. New works on the subject are being issued from time to time, and the later ones show a more systematic study and theory. Irving King reviews the subject in a small volume entitled "The Psychology of Child Development,"† for which Professor Dewey, of the University of Chicago, has written an introduction. The language is not always simple enough to

make it a popular work, but school teachers and college-bred parents will find no difficulty in mastering its theories.

#### DICKENS AND THACKERAY

Mr. A. Tennyson Dickens, the eldest surviving son of the great novelist, writes the following letter to the *Melbourne Argus*:

SIR,—While reading the *Argus* this morning I happened to come across this sentence, published under the heading, "In the Papers":—"Dickens, who never liked him (referring to William Makepeace Thackeray), told a friend that he could see nothing to admire in one of Thackeray's novels, then being serially produced."

As the eldest surviving son of the deceased novelist, I can, with every possible confidence, give this statement a most emphatic contradiction. Thackeray died on Christmas Eve, 1863, and was buried at Kensal Green upon Boxing Day, when Dickens was his chief mourner, and wrote a biographical sketch of the great novelist, which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* of January, 1864, and which, I think, did full justice to the genius and merits of the author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Esmond," etc.

Many a time prior to my leaving England I have heard my father speak in most glowing terms of the wonderful versatility of this great writer.

More than this, I can truthfully say that I never heard him make use of any unkind or indiscreet expression in regard to any author or authoress of his time.

If you will kindly refer to the "Letters of Charles Dickens," published by Chapman and Hall shortly after his death, you will find that these two great writers of the nineteenth century had the most sincere respect, friendship, and admiration for each other's writings.

This paragraph is, in my opinion, incorrect (using a mild expression) in every sense of the word.

As Mrs. Ritchie, a daughter of Mr. Thackeray, is a very great personal friend of my surviving sister, Mrs. Carlo Perugini, I shall esteem it a favour if you will give this letter publicity, in order to do justice to the memory of a writer who never had an unkind word to say about his fellow-scribes. I am, etc.,

A. TENNYSON DICKENS.

October 17th.

#### NOTES

*The Canadian Almanac*, issued by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, is the oldest and the best of Canadian refer-

\* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. Cloth, 265 pp., postpaid \$1.10.

ence books. The issue for 1904 is larger and better than any of its predecessors.

*Queen's Quarterly* for January contains splendid comments on current events by Professor Shortt and Professor Cappon, scientific notes by Professor Carmichael and Professor Nicol, Principal Gordon's Installation Address and several important general contributions.

The man who wrote "When Knighthood Was in Flower" made a hit, or his advertisers did. His next book was not so successful. Now comes his third book, an Indiana Romance entitled "A Forest Hearth." It is an intelligently written, well-constructed tale and will not disappoint any person looking for fiction which will help to while away the idle hours. (Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.)

The recent volume on "Journalism and the University," issued by the Copp, Clark Co. in Canada, has attracted considerable attention, which must have pleased Sir Sandford Fleming who was responsible for the competition which produced the essays. It is interesting to note that England has just been given a similar book. This is "Journalism as a Profession," by Arthur Lawrence, with a chapter by Alfred C. Harmsworth, and a preface by W. Robertson Nicoll. (Hodder & Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row E.C.)

To those dear persons who consider that love, honest or dishonest, is the chief adventure of life, "Incomparable Bellairs," by Agnes and Egerton Castle, may be duly commended. Bellairs, by your leave, is no less a person than Mistress Kitty Bellairs, who claimed to have had thirty-seven declared adorers in three years, "and never one tired of me yet." Her characteristics, the authors claim, is "a most fastidious daintiness," which might also describe a beautiful piece of linen drawn-work, or a well-groomed female cat. Of course, there are other beautiful characters in the book, but—perhaps the

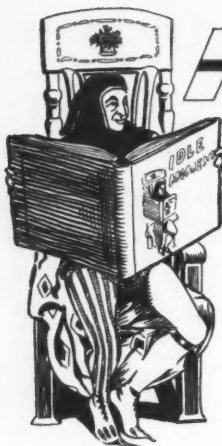


STELLA E. ASLING

Author of "Crowned at Elim," a Canadian novel noticed last month. Miss Asling has contributed a great deal to religious publications, and is now living in New York

reader would prefer to taste the delicacy without further information.

Mr. A. G. Bradley, whose "Fight for North America" is now running in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*, has written a new book, "Canada in the Twentieth Century," just issued by Messrs. Constable. While written primarily for the English reader, it is of considerable interest to Canadians, since it gives a new point of view. It describes a voyage up the St. Lawrence, through Québec, "Ontario" and the West, but ignores the Maritime Provinces. This omission is not to be commended, since the Maritime Provinces are a splendid field for immigrants and investors. It shows, however, that the Maritime Provinces are not keeping "in the swim." The descriptions in the book are written in Mr. Bradley's usual easy style, and at times are decidedly eloquent. It is not by any means a mere compendium of facts or figures.



# IDLE MOMENTS

## THE MOUSE OR THE BURGLAR

**I**T is hard to choose when we must take one of two courses, both fraught with terrible danger; doubly difficult when this election must be instantaneous. Yet a young lady one evening was confronted with this dreadful dilemma: in one startled moment she was forced to choose between the most deadly foes to feminine peace—a mouse and a burglar.

It was after a late supper and when everybody in the house had retired that it occurred to Miss Cora that the huge roast of beef which had been left on the kitchen table would certainly spoil unless at once returned to the cellar. She, therefore, quietly slipped from her bed, descended the stairs, went through the dining-room and halted, as she fancied she heard some one moving as she was about to enter the kitchen. The rooms were entirely dark except for a dim light burning in the hall, which faintly illumined the doorway between the hall and the dining-room. To this point her attention was suddenly drawn by a figure that slowly entered. It was apparently swathed in blood, and carried some enormous weapon. Through the swinging door to the kitchen she glided and hid herself in the pantry. Her heart was beating so tumultuously with fear and excitement that she could hardly follow

the movements of the mysterious "burglar," but she felt, rather than heard, his presence in the room. A moment later he was trying the pantry door; and Cora, with the strength of the desperate, was holding the knob in an iron grip. She tried to scream, but fright had robbed her of woman's chief defence. She was now convinced, in her own imagination, that the mysterious intruder was armed with a terrible cleaver, and nothing less than her very heart would satisfy his inordinate thirst for blood.

Then came the crowning horror. She distinctly heard in the wainscoting beside her, a mouse! In a moment it might be on the floor; its tiny body might even brush against her feet!

The door was her fate; on one side a burglar; on the other a mouse!

With a shriek that might have roused the dead, she pushed the door open wide, rushed for the stairway, gained her room, threw herself into bed, pulled the bed clothes over her face, and then cried herself to sleep.

The "burglar" was our friend and fellow-boarder, Sergeant James. He had gone to bed, but, being unable to sleep and assuming that everyone else in the house had long since retired, came down to forage for a bite to eat. In his bath robe of scarlet he appeared to Cora's imagination as a figure drenched in blood. He had neither seen nor heard her; and, a little astonished at the pantry door being so hard to open, was giving it a vigorous pull when it suddenly slammed against him, while a blood-curdling shriek rent the air, and a figure in white flashed by.

He came to my room very pale a few moments later, and presented me with a bottle of whiskey. He said he had

quit drinking himself and he thought I might like to have it. I thanked him, of course, for his courtesy, though I could not but think that his abstinence could not date very far back, and I wondered why it was necessary to get me out of bed to make this presentation at two o'clock in the morning.

At breakfast the whole story came out! Cora, of course, was delighted to learn the identity of her "burglar." As for the Sergeant I am compelled to candour to state that he dropped in to see me on his way to bed that night and, while he would not take back the bottle, he certainly carried away a considerable part of the whiskey.

*E. King.*

#### A MUSICAL CONVERSATION

This delicious bit of conversation actually occurred at one of the gatherings of the Woman's Musical Club of Toronto recently and is vouched for by one who overheard it.

The young woman was one of those intense creatures, full of enthusiasm about her art and absorbed in her studies. The youth was an undergraduate, full of knowledge and wisdom and opinionated to a degree. They had been discussing the art of music in a general way, and she had expressed her unbounded admiration for the work of the German composers.

"Oh, I suppose the Germans are all right enough," said the youth, "but personally I prefer the Scotch composers."

"The Scotch composers?" she replied inquiringly, "I did not know there were any great Scotch composers. I am not familiar with them."

"Oh, yes," he answered confidently, "and I consider the Scotch are by far the best composers. There's Annie Laurie, you know, and things like that. I think they are fine."

"Yes," she returned quietly, "they are good, and I like Annie Laurie myself, well enough; but then one soon tires of that kind. Now there is Liszt," she added; "I could listen to him for a whole day. And Bach! Bach is simply divine!"

"Bok! Bok!" mused the youth.

"Yes," she replied. "Don't you know Bach?"

"Oh, Bok? Yes, of course, I know," he returned quickly. "You mean the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*."

*E. J. H.*

#### A BAD SIGN

Briggs—Why did you back out of that deal with old Goldgrub?

Wiggs—He got affable and began to be very frank with me, so I got suspicious.

*A. M.*

#### SCIENCE ECLIPSED

Smithers—How did it happen that Professor Astro got no observations of the eclipse?

Withers—Well, you see, he was carefully observing it through his famous telescope when, just as it reached totality, a small boy yelled "Rubber." Before the Professor had caught him and kicked him the eclipse was over.

*A. M.*

#### A MAN OF RESOURCE

Flipjack—I tell you Jackson is a bright man.

Flyly—What has he done now?

Flipjack—He disappeared, and when his wealthy wife offered a reward for him he turned up and claimed it.

*A. M.*

#### POLITICAL CULTURE

Thompson—You seem to consider Balfour an ideal statesman.

Simpson—Of course. Haven't you noticed that he always wears gloves, even when handling live issues?

*A. M.*

#### A CRAWFORD ANECDOTE

"W. B. Yeats, the English poet, got off a good thing when he was at the Franklin Inn for lunch, the other day," said the literary man. "Of course, he's all for art for art's sake, but he told of a woman who once said to Marion Crawford, the novelist:





THE LATEST NOVELTY

"Please, mother says, can you let her 'ave a 'arf ounce of this 'ere Radium she 'ave read so much about in the paper?" —*Punch*

"Have you ever written anything that will live after you have gone?"

"Madame," Crawford replied, "what I am trying to do is to write something that will enable me to live while I am here." —*Selected.*

#### A CHAMBERLAIN YARN

Joseph Chamberlain, in one of his recent tariff reform speeches, told a new umbrella story. Mr. Chamberlain wished to point out that ignorance was to blame for much of the censure that had been attached to his tariff reform scheme. He said:

"Why, my friends, many of my opponents are as ignorant of my proposition as was a certain farmer, many years ago, of the umbrella.

"This farmer had made a journey of some twenty miles on foot to a small town. As he was about to set off for home again a hard rain came up, and his host loaned him an umbrella—a novelty at the time—opening

it himself so as to save his friend all possible trouble.

"A week later the farmer took the umbrella back. The weather was bright and fine, but he held the instrument open over his head.

"This contrivance," he grumbled, "is more trouble than it's worth. There wasn't a doorway in the village I could get it through, and I had to tether it all the week in a field." —*Selected.*

#### IN THE NEAR FUTURE

Domestic: "Don't you want to go out this afternoon, Mrs. Manning?"

Mistress: "Yes, Mary, I should like to go out, but I'm afraid it will incommode you."

Domestic: "Oh, never mind me, marm; it's so long since you've had an afternoon off I must insist that you take one to-day. But be sure and come home early. I may have callers, you know, and I shall want somebody to tend the door." —*Selected.*

# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



## A DOUKHOBOR CURIOSITY.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. J.

A. Magee, of Yorkton, Assa., this department is illustrated this month with photographs of a natural curiosity. These pictures show the front and back of a wooden spoon, carved from white birch by a young Doukhobor. Not only is it a nice piece of carving, but the heart of the wood bears a remarkable resemblance to the ordinary grey owl. Those who have worked with wood know what peculiar effects are occasionally obtained from a piece of wood containing the heart of a tree, and this may be an addition to their stock of "effects." The photographs are by E. Hopkins, of Yorkton.

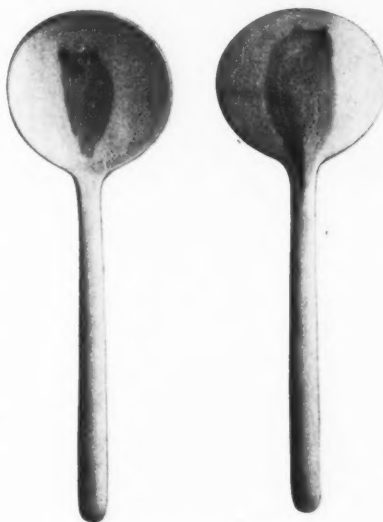
## RUSSIAN PEASANTS

UNTIL 1861 the Russian peasant was a serf, one who renders obligatory personal service in return for the land on which he is bound to dwell. Serfdom survived in Russia longer than in other European countries. In Italy it had quite disappeared by the beginning of the fifteenth century. In

France it existed in a modified form until 1789. In Denmark till 1804; in Prussia until 1809. In Austria until 1811; in Saxony until 1832. In Russia the history of serfdom is the gradual lapse of slaves, free peasants and small farmers into one class of serfs, from whom the Czar, Boris Godunof (1598-1605), took away the right of migration. Once tied to the soil they gradually lost their rights, and the power of their owners to sell them apart from the land became recognized late in the 17th century. The poll-tax imposed by Peter the Great led to proprietors being made responsible for their

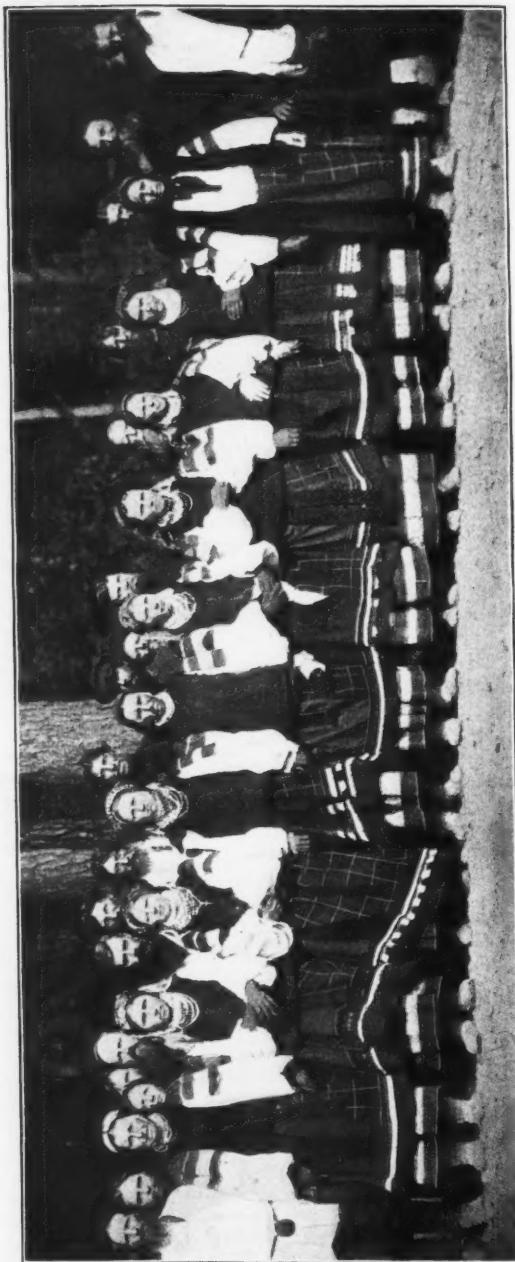
serfs, who, if not attached to a commune or a lord, were treated as vagrants. A reaction began under Paul I (1796-1801), who tried to limit the peasants' work to three days in the week, but it was not until after the Crimean War that effective measures were taken. The dues of the Russian serf were, as usual, labour, money and farm produce, and he was in some cases the victim of cruelty and oppression.

Alexander II ascending the throne in 1855, at a time of complete disorder.



A WOODEN SPOON

Carved by a young Doukhobor—the heart of the wood showing an image much like an owl



FROM "THE SPHERE"  
 SAROV WAS ONCE OVERRUN BY THE TARTARS, AND THEIR CAST OF COURTESANCE IS STILL VERY MARKED IN THE PEOPLE

der in the national economy, the close of the Crimean War, which had so clearly revealed the deficiencies of the Government, the absence of the rights of the people, and the despotism of the nobility and officials, began to reform some of the existing evils. His first work was to abolish serfdom, and Russian society was called upon to accomplish one of the grandest of the peaceful reforms of the 19th century. As a result of his efforts, in 1861, instead of 22,000,000 enslaved people, a free peasant class was created, with considerable power of self-administration within the limits of their community and volost. During the last forty years the position of the peasant has been much improved, although it will take many years to educate them to a proper use of their rights as free men.

At the present time the landless working class is much smaller and much less important in Russia than in the other countries of Western Europe, or in North America. With the introduction of manufacturing the small home industries will disappear and the two classes, so well-known in Canada, viz., workingmen and

farmers, will be distinguished by a more marked cleavage than is the case to-day.



## CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.



### THE CITIZEN'S DUTY

THIS is the time for the good man to get in his work inside the lines of his own political party. The candidates are being chosen for the coming elections; and it is the good man's opportunity to see to it that his party chooses a good candidate. After the candidate is named, nothing under heaven will prevent the party man from supporting him. But the most bigoted party man is open to reason while naming his candidate. He likes best one who promises to command the largest number of independent votes. And this is where the independent man, allied to a party, steps in and says that his vote is to be attracted by a good candidate. In a few weeks, it will be too late in most constituencies to thus affect the composition of the next Parliament. It is too late now in some. But where it is not too late, the good citizen can now do very much to make our next Parliament representative of the best elements in both parties.—*Montreal Star.*

### PROSPERITY

Canada is so prosperous at the present time that every branch of trade is expanding at an even greater rate than during any previous year of marked prosperity. During the year 1903, the liabilities of those who failed in the United States showed an increase over 1902, of fifty millions of dollars. On the other hand, Canada's business failures fell from 1,092 to 956, with liabilities about the same.

They might have been expected to increase, as there were two or three large failures due to the financial depression in the neighbouring republic. That they did not do so is a most healthy omen.

### LONDON'S FINANCIAL LAKE

The *British Canadian* of London has the following interesting editorial note in a recent issue:

"Although the B.C. Market has been in a practically comatose condition during the past 12 months, and few attempts have been made to find working capital for new mining enterprises, we hear this week that an enterprising Canadian has succeeded in raising the sum of £300,000 in London during the last few months to develop some large coal areas in Alberta, a feat which will be regarded with envy and astonishment by London promoters. The coal areas in question are situated on the North Fork of Old Man's river, and comprise about 45 square miles, and are owned by the North-West Coal and Coke Co., Ltd. This is a company registered in Canada originally with a capital of three million dollars, since raised to ten million dollars, in shares of \$100 each. The coal lands, which the company has been formed to develop, lie just at the foot of the Rockies in Southern Alberta, at a distance of about 16 miles from the Crow's Nest branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is intended almost immediately to construct a branch line, not exceeding 25 miles in length, con-

necting the coalfields with the Canadian Pacific Railway, and for the purpose of railway construction and the development of the properties a sum of £300,000, in 6 per cent. debentures, was recently placed in London, a portion of this sum having, however, been subscribed on the Continent. We understand that no prospectus has been issued. A report on the properties by Mr. F. B. Smith, Coal Mine Inspector for the Dominion Government, states that the coal measures of this company show a very approximate relationship to the coal-bearing areas at Fernie, which are owned by the Crow's Nest Coal Co. The coal seams vary in thickness from two to thirty feet."

#### THE SYDNEY BLUNDER

"Two cargoes of Canadian-made iron and steel have been loaded at Sydney within the past fortnight for despatch to Great Britain. At the same time quantities of outside-made iron and steel work are being brought into Canada for use. A better industrial arrangement would turn the Canadian iron into rails, bridges and building material at home."—*Montreal Gazette*.

Canada is reminded every day of this Sydney blunder. When the imitation Morgans and the imitation Hooleys got possession of the Sydney plant they did make fools of the people and the country. They saddled the innocent public with stock at \$70, now worth about \$10, and the country with a name for blundering which it will take time to wipe out. What a funny story Whitney and Moxham, the two hypnotists, must have to tell their friends! And, no doubt, some of the able financiers in Montreal and Toronto wouldn't like Mr. Moxham to tell all he knows. Some people say that he doesn't know anything, that he never did; but surely he could tell some strange tales about certain banquets and other meetings that were held in Sydney at which champagne was cheap.

But a few years and a few millions will put the business on its feet, and then Canada will have a steel plant (perhaps) the product of which will not require

to be "dumped" on the British market to the disgust of honest steel manufacturers.

#### MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SUGGESTION

The Vancouver *Province* of December 17th contains the following editorial under the heading, "Mr. Chamberlain's Suggestion":

"It is all very well for the English Liberal press to sneer at Mr. Chamberlain's assertion that as Ambassador from the British Government he could arrange with the Colonies an imperial preferential tariff which would be satisfactory to all parties and immensely to their interests, but simple hostility is not argument, and the endorsement which Mr. Chamberlain's proposal has received in Canada, South Africa and Australasia ought to obtain for his suggestion the consideration to which the views entertained by those countries are entitled. The English Liberals refuse, however, to regard the opinion of the Colonies in the matter at all, and demand loyalty and devotion to the Mother Country without any ties of material interest to increase and strengthen those sentiments. That Mr. Chamberlain is the one man in British public life to carry on and successfully complete any such negotiations with the Colonies is the firm belief universally held throughout the British dominions beyond the seas, and no party prejudice or personal animosity which exists to him in the Mother Country should be allowed to stand in the way of securing a consummation so necessary to the nation. 'Posterity will certainly never forgive' either the Government or the political organization which stands in the way of such an achievement."

#### RECIPROCITY

It is said that those interested in reciprocity in the United States have been informed from Washington that Sir Wilfrid Laurier steadily refuses to consent to a meeting of the Joint High Commission. Consequently the movement is practically abandoned.



et  
u--  
al  
-h  
r.  
r  
d  
ul  
:  
y  
y  
n  
s  
d  
s  
n  
-  
s  
n  
e  
f  
h  
y  
n  
s  
e  
f  
h  
y  
n  
s  
e  
f



**SIR PETER HALKETT**

WHO COMMANDED A BRIGADE UNDER BURGOYNE IN HIS FAMOUS DEFEAT ON THE  
MONONGAHELA

SEE "FIGHT FOR NORTH AMERICA"